

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



Head of a statue of Apollo from the Etruscan city of Veii, now in the Museum of Villa Giulia, Rome (see page 989)

In this number:

The Price of Prosperity—I (Anthony Crosland)

Zola the Poet (Robert Baldick)

Coronary Thrombosis: a Modern Epidemic (J. N. Morris)

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The Listener

Vol. LIV. No. 1397

Thursday December 8 1955

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Arrogance of Austerity

ANTHONY CROSLAND gives the first of four talks on 'The Price of Prosperity'

THE British economy over the last few years has been growing at the rate of three per cent. per annum. This is not a sensational performance: the Russian and German economies are both growing a good deal faster. On the other hand it is quite a respectable one—it is at least better than we achieved in Britain in the inter-war period. One might have thought that everyone would welcome this improvement as being self-evidently a good thing. It will, after all, enable us to give more generous aid to the underdeveloped areas. It will strengthen us militarily *vis-à-vis* the Soviet bloc. And it will make possible a doubling of the standard of living in Britain in twenty-five years. Most people would think that these were rather desirable objectives. Yet we find many heads being shaken and doubts being expressed over this prospect of rapid growth. Will this rise in material prosperity, it is asked, really increase welfare in any sense? And even if it does increase it in some directions, might it not involve large losses in other directions: and can we be sure that the losses will not outweigh the gains?

This nervous suspicion of prosperity and material abundance always lurks just beneath the surface in Britain. Our educated intelligentsia has long had an instinct towards austerity and anti-hedonism, and a sort of collective (though sometimes vicarious) self-flagellation. The most common doubts relate to the alleged effects of rapid growth on personal motivation, and hence on social character and the moral tone of society. Rising productivity, it is said, at once requires and encourages an accent on material gain, on the unfettered pursuit of riches, on extreme individualism, and, aggressive competition. It is therefore inseparable from an acquisitive and antagonistic society, in which, on the one hand, social values of great importance—security, leisure, culture, stability, and so on—will inevitably be neglected: and, on the other, personal character and social relationships will be coarsened and debased. As M. de Jouvenel has put it, the pursuit of higher material standards involves the denial of the ethical ideal of 'the city of brotherly love'.

Generally I have never been able to see why high consumption and brotherly love should be incompatible—why should not the brothers be affluent, and the love conducted under conditions of reasonable comfort? But, in any case, this whole criticism seems to rest on a misunder-

standing. First, so far as the actual social results of competition are concerned, these depend entirely on the framework within which it is conducted; and this framework is determined by the ruling social *mores*, expressed either in laws or in conventional rules of behaviour. A century ago the framework was one of complete *laissez-faire*, and so competition led to child labour, sweated workshops, appalling factory conditions, the ruin of the countryside, and the rest. Today the framework has entirely altered; and the limits of what is legally or conventionally possible have been drawn much tighter. Not only do we have a whole range of legal enactments designed to protect the public against the possible adverse effects of competition, but even within industry itself the whole mood has changed, and 'the public be damned' attitude has given way to the well-staffed public relations department. But if the existing checks and limits are still thought insufficient, it lies wholly within the community's power to impose such further restraints as it wishes in order to circumscribe, or civilise, competitive behaviour.

Even if this were done, it might still be said that the acquisitive ideology inseparable from an accent on rapid growth was to be deplored either in terms of some absolute ethical standard, or because of its adverse effects on personal character and social relationships. But is such an ideology in fact either required or encouraged by the sort of rate of growth which we are now achieving in Britain? I believe that it is neither—factually that there is no sign that aggressively acquisitive behaviour is being encouraged and analytically that it is not a necessary condition of rapid growth. On the factual point, surely, for better or worse, Britain is now the least competitive nation in the world, and shows no sign of ceasing to be so. At this moment* we have several thousand workers out on strike in Scotland partly because one worker exceeded his norm and earned too much. On the side of management, all the employers' organisations are busily sending memoranda to the President of the Board of Trade designed to ensure that the forthcoming Monopolies Bill should not be too stern on restrictive practices, or enforce any really disagreeable degree of competition. Nowhere else in the world is economic behaviour less aggressive nor exceptional exertion more suspect. The too-eager worker or the price-cutting employer—each is held guilty not merely of breaking the rules of the game, but of graver

offences still, of flouting the principle of fair shares, disrupting the solidarity of the group, and even of disloyalty to comrades.

I am not concerned here with whether this attitude is good or bad, but simply with the fact that it exists, that it goes very deep, and that it dominates the cultural pattern of behaviour. It does not mean, of course, that people are uninterested in personal gain, and are working simply for the social good. They are, for the most part, doing no such thing. What it does mean is that when a choice has to be made at the margin, the motive of personal gain is not given an automatic priority over other motives, such as the desire for security and a quiet life, the instinct of group solidarity, and so on. And the consequence is a behavioural and social pattern which sets an enormously high defensive barrier in the path of the competitive instinct, and makes it highly unlikely that the aggressive, acquisitive society will ever become much of a reality in Britain. If anyone still doubts this, they should ask the President of the Board of Trade.

Economic Growth and the Social Pattern

Nor do I think that this will change under the inexorable pressure of economic necessity: that is, I do not believe that a highly acquisitive and individualistic pattern of behaviour will prove an essential condition of rapid growth. It is true that the one thing we know about economic growth is that nobody can dogmatise about what causes it. But at least it seems safe to say that rapid growth does not depend on any one pattern of social institutions or motivation. At the present time, for example, rapid rates of growth are being achieved in countries with the most diverse institutions, national characters, fiscal systems, patterns of ownership, degrees of equality, and so on—in Russia, Germany, Britain, and America. And there seems little in recent experience to justify the conclusion that because in the heyday of capitalism an aggressively individualistic and competitive society did display a rapid rate of growth, therefore it is the only one which can.

Indeed, the fact is that advances in productivity and technical innovation today do not come characteristically from the small man working in a highly competitive industry, but from the large, semi-monopolistic firm with huge resources: not from the gifted individualist, but from the organised research team: not from people working for individual profit, but from people working on a fixed salary in a large managerial structure: not from cut-throat competition, but often from co-operation—between firms, between industry and government and the universities, between management and labour. And rapid economic expansion appears to be possible under any set of social institutions and within any social climate which permits the creation of a sufficiently wide technological base, a sufficient degree of scale, and an emphasis on research—provided these are backed by a high level of demand and an accepted ideology of growth. Certainly in Britain at the moment the most rapid rate of innovation is to be found in organisations, both public and private, which are dominated by an ideology, indeed almost a cult, of teamwork, group activity, collective responsibility—the very reverse of aggressive individualism. So at our present state of knowledge I see no reason to accept the identification of a slow rate of growth with amiable sociability, and a rapid rate of growth with competitive acquisitiveness.

But the objective of rapid growth is then attacked as being based on a fundamental delusion—that rising material standards will increase welfare, or make people more contented. As soon as existing wants are satisfied, it is said, new ones will spring up in their place: the gap between possessions and desiderata never narrows: and rising personal incomes will therefore leave people just as dissatisfied as they are today—all this annotated with contemptuous remarks about a television-set-refrigerator civilisation. I have never thought much of this argument. No doubt the gap between possessions and aspirations is never fully closed. But because no saturation point exists, it does not follow that the gap is always constant. If this were so it would imply that people never felt economically better off as their real incomes rose: that the amount of discontent due to purely material causes always remained the same: and generally that improvements in the standard of living had no effect on the economic satisfaction of either persons or nations—at least after a certain point: I suppose that even the most ethereal view of the unimportance of material goods would concede that acute poverty and starvation diminished economic welfare.

The fact is that people do feel economically better or worse off, and they distinctly like to feel better off. Thus, working-class people will often say that they are much better off now than before the war: and middle-class people will admit that economically things are much easier

now than they were a few years ago. And these are not meaningless statements. Indeed, the sceptic need only study recent voting attitudes, or collect impressions of the last election, to convince himself that changes in the level of consumption do reflect themselves in diminished social discontent. It would certainly be very hard to explain the social and political history of the last fifty years if this were not the case.

Naturally, one cannot state dogmatically that rising material standards will make people happier—psychology has not, perhaps fortunately, reached the point where it justifies any general statements about the causes of personal happiness. It might be that a constant amount of discontent or frustration was endemic in our society, being due to essentially Freudian causes, or to our weaning and suckling habits, or what you will: and that social or economic reform alters only the direction which it takes. If this were true it would leave the whole argument both for and against rising material standards, in so far as it was based on statements about happiness, completely up in the air. But even then I should still regard rising standards of consumption as wholly desirable. In the first place, it is much better for society that discontents should be personal, and should not be externalised in collective social or economic grievances. Collective grievances feed on themselves and become magnified and intensified, and also constitute a threat to other important values such as tolerance, democracy, social peace, and personal liberty. In the second place, whatever their effects on happiness, rising standards of living clearly increase the individual's range of choice, his area of cultural possibilities: and that is surely wholly desirable.

But there are certain moral ascetics, especially among the more astringent type of intellectual, who would deny even this. They base an instinctive hostility to the goal of higher consumption, not on a fear lest it may fail to make the masses happier (rather indeed the reverse), but on an aversion, due to either moral or religious scruples, or to an austere inability to appreciate the pleasures of physical gratification, to the form which higher consumption allegedly takes.

This is what may be called the 'pubs, pools, and prostitutes' argument. It combines a belief in the moral virtues of abstinence with the conviction that the working class wastes all its higher income on alcohol, tobacco, gambling, if not actually women. This mixture of puritanism and paternalism is curiously common amongst the British intelligentsia. The Webbs, of course, typified it to perfection. Consider Beatrice's favourite phrase, 'the average sensual man'—how the adjectives sting! And only this year one well-known economist, after talking of the 'surprisingly large amount of fat' which could be melted off working- and lower-middle-class incomes if they spent less on these vulgar physical pleasures, writes that 'a certain sparseness and asceticism is part of the good life, and it would hardly be claimed that the British consumer has attained it'. Indeed it would not, and it is to be hoped that it never could be.

It is not easy to say much about this attitude except that one does not share it. If I suddenly had a large increase in income, I have no doubt that I should spend a large part of it on smoking, eating, drinking, gambling, and similar deplorable recreations; and I decline to debase myself morally on that account. Of course these moralists are entitled to their views so long as they realise that they express a highly idiosyncratic sense of values, which does not represent the general will or mood of the country; and that any attempt to express these values in social or economic policy, or to play down the objective of rising consumption on this account, would be a wholly improper and undemocratic exercise in paternalism.

Washing Machines instead of Drink

In fact, of course, these strictures give a very misleading impression of the real pattern of consumption. Naturally the figures show large increases in the money value of drink and tobacco expenditure; but most of the increase is due to higher tax—as a nation we are consuming much less alcohol than fifty years ago. In any case, we can be fairly sure that the proportion of working-class income spent on these commodities will now rapidly decline. They were, after all, the traditional working-class luxuries, and it was natural that they should attract a high proportion of extra expenditure in the early stages of a rapid rise in incomes. But they are already near the satiation point, and we can expect that future increases in income will be spent in morally quite blameless, if not indeed creditable, directions—in giving children a better life, in improving health, making a more generous provision for old age, buying a house, travelling and going on holidays, relieving drudgery in the home by buying washing machines, drying machines,

electric dish-washers, and the like. Some of the increases may even be spent on culture, as in fact they have been in the last few years: witness the vast week-end crowds at Longleat and Luton Hoo; and it must always be remembered that higher productivity is an essential condition of greater leisure, and hence indirectly of a greater attention to cultural as opposed to material questions.

All this I believe to be wholly desirable—probably because it will increase personal contentment, but certainly on grounds of personal freedom, since rising standards inevitably widen the area of choice and opportunity: on grounds of social justice, which surely requires that the masses, for so long deprived of luxuries which others have enjoyed, should now also be admitted to the world of material ease, if only to see whether they do in fact enjoy it: and on grounds of democratic

anti-paternalism, since this is clearly what the masses want. And anyone who tells them that they are wrong, and that in fact they are simply becoming Americanised, or vulgarised by what M. de Jouvenel again has called the 'veneration of commodities', will be given rather short shrift, especially if he himself appears to have a good deal of material fat which might be melted off.

It so happens that I am not one of those who believe that economic growth should be given an overriding priority; nor do I believe that higher home consumption is the only reason for wanting rapid growth. I simply believe that the advantages of our present rate of growth far outweigh any possible disadvantages, and also that those enjoying an above-average standard of living should be rather chary of admonishing those less fortunate on the perils of material riches.—*Third Programme*

What Is the United Nations?

By WILLIAM PICKLES

LAST week, in a committee of the United Nations Assembly, the Canadian Representative, Mr. Paul Martin, introduced a resolution about admitting new members. The resolution is too long to be quoted here in full and it is written in the kind of language which Sir Ernest Gowers has tried to teach civil servants not to use. I am going to translate it into the sort of thing you and I would have said. I have shortened it a great deal, but I do not think I have left out or added or changed anything important. It asks the General Assembly of the United Nations to say that, things being as they are at the moment, the members of the United Nations would do a better job if there were more of them. And it wants the General Assembly to say to the Security Council that, since most people think that as many countries as reasonably can should be brought into the United Nations, all those now applying should be admitted except Germany, Korea, and Viet-Nam, each of which is divided into two quarrelling halves.

If this resolution is passed by the Assembly and is then accepted by the Security Council, it will put an end to a quarrel which has now lasted four years and has kept eighteen candidates for membership—five Communist and thirteen non-Communist countries—waiting on the doorstep. It is a quarrel about two questions: 'What is a nation?' and 'What kinds of nation ought to be admitted to the United Nations?' Behind those two questions there is hidden, I think, a further question: 'What is the United Nations and what is it for?' It is because this seems to me to be the vital question, and because Mr. Martin's resolution seems to come nearer than anybody has done before to getting the right answer to it, that I am discussing it here.

The United Nations rules about membership state that, in addition to the fifty-one founder-members, the United Nations is open 'to all other peace-loving states' which accept the obligations of the Charter 'and, in the judgement of the Organisation, are able and willing to

carry out those obligations'. The list of candidates for membership has been growing through these four years, and none of them has been admitted, because, in each case, one or other of two obstacles has stood in the way. Some candidates have been regarded as not being 'nations', or, more accurately, as not being genuinely independent states.

The United States and Britain for a time have objected, for instance, to Outer Mongolia on this ground. That is one kind of objection. Another is that some of the countries are not fit to be members of the United Nations, because they are not 'able and willing to carry out their obligations'. Great Britain, for instance, was opposed for a long time to the admission of Albania, because that country refused to carry out a decision given against her by the International Court of Justice, in a dispute with this country; and I seem to remember that Russia objected to Spain on the same grounds of unsuitability.

As the quarrel went on, it became clear that these two questions about what is a nation and what is a suitable nation are really much less important than the other question, about what the United Nations is. One school of thought says the United Nations

is a club of 'peace-loving' countries and therefore ought to keep out countries which, in its view, cannot or do not behave properly in their relations with others. The other school of thought sees the United Nations simply as the most convenient place for settling problems by negotiation, and so wants to bring in every country, because any one of them might one day have a problem to solve.

Those who want to limit the membership to 'well-behaved' countries find solid arguments in the United Nations Charter itself. Apart from the extracts I have already quoted, there is an article which makes it possible to expel a member found guilty of violating the principles of the Charter. There is the fact that the countries which started the last war were kept out because of their aggression; so was Spain, because she had the same ideas. The purpose of the United Nations,



The United Nations General Assembly in session this autumn

according to the Charter, is 'to ensure, by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods' that aggressive wars shall stop, or, in other words, to create a set of rules of international good behaviour. And it is certainly true, as the supporters of this view claim, that you cannot agree on a set of rules if you bring in countries which will not obey rules, or want rules which the majority cannot accept.

But the other side, the supporters of what has been called 'the principle of universality', also have some solid arguments, and they too call in the Charter to support them. The Charter's first words are: 'We, the peoples of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war'. That, they say, is what the United Nations is for; to keep the peace, and if it becomes too choosy about its members or too particular about their respect for principles, we shall end by having two international organisations, both calling themselves the United Nations and both lined up all ready to make war on each other.

They add a more practical argument. The United Nations has not developed as many people hoped it would. If it possessed an international force of its own, strong enough to defeat any combination of separate national forces, then the threat of expelling bad members or keeping out unsuitable candidates would have some meaning. It would make it worth any nation's while to obey the rules and stay in the United Nations, in order to enjoy the protection of the world police force. But as that police force has never come into existence, there is no way of trying to compel any nation to stay in the United Nations and behave properly. It may well be, this argument goes on, that Albania and Communist China, for instance, would have behaved better if they had been inside the United Nations from the beginning. For if the United Nations in some ways has brought disappointments, in others it has done better than was expected. Every member has shown itself sensitive, in some degree, to criticism by other members, and United Nations meetings have been used with great success more than once for private and unofficial negotiations which would have been much more difficult to arrange if the world's statesmen had not been meeting regularly at the United Nations. So this school argues, the way to keep the peace is not to be over rigid about United Nations rules, but to agree to bring every country in.

Unfortunately, there are difficulties about that argument too. What do we mean by bringing in every country? Does that term cover Scotland, Wales, Uzbekistan, Kamschatka, Ruanda-Urundi, and every area that is surrounded by a line on a map? Obviously not. Somebody has to decide what is a 'state', for United Nations purposes. And do we really not mind in any way how countries behave? Of course we do. Even a tennis club must sometimes turn out people who break the rules, or it would cease to be a tennis club and become a bear garden. Somebody has to decide who is to come in and who is to stay out.

Somebody has to decide. But that 'somebody', whether it is the General Assembly or the Security Council or both together, does not have to try to decide for all time, in accordance with some fixed principle or some logical rule. Too much logic or too many clear principles could choke the United Nations. If the organisation is to live and become gradually more useful, it must always remember both its purpose and its limitations. It is a voluntary organisation. If nations cannot walk into it as they like, they can always walk out. So it has no more power than its members at any time care to give to it. It can make only such rules as its members are willing to be bound by, or can be held to by persuasion or by the force of public opinion. It is always worth while trying to give more power and greater scope to the United Nations, but any attempt to do so must stop short at the point at which its principal members would rather leave it, or disobey it, than agree to change it.

In fact, if we really must have an answer to the hidden question about what the United Nations really is, I would say that it is an international organisation for the purpose of being and doing what its members at any given time want it to be and do. And that is exactly what Mr. Martin's resolution recognises. It is backed by twenty-eight member countries of the United Nations, and is thought to be supported by at least twenty more. It has been put together during weeks of negotiation, altering a syllable here and a comma there, until it stated just what the majority of the members were prepared to do about this particular problem, in the situation as it is today. That, I am sure, is the right way to run the United Nations. It may be humdrum, unspectacular, illogical, but it is the only way that follows naturally from an understanding of what the United Nations really is.—*Home Service*

Parliament and the 'Fourteen-day Rule'

By R. T. McKENZIE

THE Commons debate on the so-called 'fourteen-day rule' was one of the most interesting I have heard in the ten years I have attended parliamentary debates at Westminster. There was more than the fourteen-day rule at stake. Members were in fact grappling with the profoundly important question, which has rarely been raised in the form it took in this debate: what is the role of parliament in our democratic system? Parliament is the supreme legislative body; but is it also something more; is it in some special sense the great forum of the nation which must therefore guard itself against the encroachment of other and possibly competing forms of discussion? Does parliament face a potentially dangerous rival in what Sir Winston Churchill has called 'the robot organisations' of radio and television which carry political discussion into the homes of the people?

The case for those who argued that parliament must protect itself was put simply and clearly by the Leader of the House at the close of the debate: 'I fear', he said, 'that if we have broadcast discussions just before we have debates here (in parliament) we shall to some extent—I do not put it too high—detract from the high position of parliament'. This was the view endorsed by speakers from both sides of the House that carried the day by about two to one. The House decided that there should be some limitation on broadcast discussion and that a select committee should decide how this restriction should be operated.

Some, no doubt, will continue to argue against this decision, especially if they agree with the M.P. who claimed during the debate that these restrictions on broadcast discussions are 'the first formal act of political censorship for over 100 years'. But meanwhile there cannot be any questioning of the fact that our elected representatives have reached a

clear decision on this issue of principle after a full discussion and a free vote. It is now for the Select Committee of M.P.s (which, one hopes, will represent all shades of opinion on this non-party question) to decide how the wishes of the House can best be implemented.

They have before them an extraordinarily difficult task. It is generally agreed that the present restrictions on broadcast discussions, laid down formally by the Postmaster-General's directive last July, are not working well. They provide that no one can discuss on radio or television any 'issue' coming up for debate in parliament during the fourteen days preceding the debate. And, second, no M.P. can discuss a subject which is dealt with by any Bill before parliament—and a Bill may be before parliament for many months or a year or even longer. Presumably the committee can propose any changes in these regulations it wishes, so long as the principle is retained that there shall be some limitation preventing broadcast discussions from anticipating parliamentary debate.

It would seem clear that three main questions must be settled. First, how long should the ban operate? Most speakers in the Commons debate seemed to think that it could be shortened, perhaps to seven days. If there is to be such a ban, I liked the suggestion of one M.P. who proposed that it should be cut to five days, that is the same length of time that elapses between the final election broadcast and polling day itself, and that arrangement seemed to work perfectly well during recent general elections.

Secondly, the committee must decide on whom the restrictions should be applied. Many of the M.P.s themselves are certainly dissatisfied with the present prohibition which prevents them from discussing any subject

(continued on page 997)

The Decline of Legislatures

The last of six talks by K. C. WHEARE

ABOUT forty years ago when Lord Bryce was putting together some general conclusions and observations about legislatures in his enormous book *Modern Democracies*, he entitled one chapter 'The Decline of Legislatures'. And he followed it with a chapter called 'The Pathology of Legislatures'. Both chapters really deal with the same question: What are the ills to which legislatures are subject and which cause them to go into a decline? If you read these chapters you will agree, I think, that Bryce does not feel able to give a straight or simple answer to this very general question. Nor do I. Nor, I suggest, does anyone who examines carefully and dispassionately the working of modern legislatures. At the same time it is a question which cannot be ignored. It is common today, as in Bryce's time, to hear people speak of the decline of legislatures, of the passing of parliament, of bureaucracy triumphant, and of cabinet dictatorship. Are they right? Must we apply to the legislature the tribute which that eloquent Congressman, the Hon. Elijah Pogram, paid to the defaulting postmaster in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and say that its 'bright home is in the setting sun'? What I hope to do here is to examine some of the assumptions of this talk about the decline of legislatures, and see whether they are sound.

An Unwarranted Assumption?

The first of these assumptions is that decline is, in itself, necessarily a bad thing. But is it? If we look at France, would we not say that it would be a good thing if the French legislature had less power? It would be better if the legislature decreased and the executive increased. So far as the making and unmaking of government is concerned, the French legislature is too strong. So also, probably, is the Italian legislature. We would think, too, that the Congress of the United States is too strong in relation to the executive, and that if it declined in this aspect of its power there would be better government in America. But I hasten to add that few Americans think this. I noticed the other day that an American professor opened his book on Congress with the words: 'The Congress of the United States is the world's best hope of representative government'—a large claim. One of his principal reasons for this assertion was that it still kept the executive in its place.

Then there is an assumption that decline in power and decline in prestige go along together. But it need not be so. The French legislature has low prestige. It is difficult to know whether it has actually declined, but at any rate its prestige is much lower than its power. If its powers were less, its prestige might be greater.

But what about the greatest assumption of all: that there was, a hundred years ago (or was it fifty years ago?), a golden age of legislatures, from which there has been a steady decline. I wonder whether it really existed. You remember what the Duke of Omnium said in Trollope's novel *The Duke's Children*, when they were talking to him after dinner about the great old days of the House of Commons. 'I hear men say', said one member, 'that it isn't quite what it used to be'. 'Nothing', said the Duke, 'will ever be quite what it used to be'. We are told that the level of debate was much higher in those days. Have you read any of those speeches? If you have, you will readily concede that some of them are very good. Yet in our own day we have heard as great a voice as Gladstone's or Disraeli's.

You will notice also, I think, what terrible bores most of those speakers in the House of Commons were in that golden age. I find it hard to believe that Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., existed only in the imagination of Charles Dickens. And it was Mr. Gregsbury who described to Nicholas Nickleby what he required of a private secretary in these words: 'I should expect him, now and then, to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank notes, and all that kind of thing which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody under-

stands it'. No, it does not sound so very different. And if you care to take Trollope's political novels as an authentic, primary authority on the period, you will see how devastatingly he portrays the bores among the members of parliament—those earnest, humourless, long-winded, portentous fellows, very interested in currency questions and the terms of trade and the national debt.

What evidence have we that anyone listened to those speeches? Were members in those days full of high seriousness or did they go outside while those harangues were being delivered? Then, we are told, and it is true, that speeches in parliament were reported at great length in the newspapers of those days, whereas today they are reported, if at all, very briefly. What conclusions do we draw from this? It would be difficult to calculate how many of those who took those newspapers read any substantial part of the parliamentary report. But I think there must have been a good deal of skipping. Let us remember, too, how tiny was the proportion of the population which in those days read the newspapers, and compare it with the much greater proportion which in these days knows something—chiefly through the radio—of what is said and done in parliament. I venture the generalisation that more people know more about parliament today than in the golden age. If you are thinking about reading the speeches delivered in parliament, it is worth recalling that since the last war a weekly *Hansard* has been published to satisfy a substantial demand. I do not know how one weighs up these things, but, if we are to deal with impressions, I put it to you that there is no clear and overwhelming evidence to prove that today the House of Commons has declined in the public interest or in public prestige.

I carry this opinion into the sphere of behaviour also. It is occasionally remarked that there are fewer gentlemen in parliament than there were, and that behaviour is not what it was. It is an old complaint. Sir Timothy Beeswax did not please many of his Conservative colleagues in the House of Commons. And Lady Cantrip exclaimed to the Duke of Omnium: 'That England should put up with such a man is to me shocking! There used to be a feeling in favour of gentlemen'. Before we decide that behaviour was better in those days than now, let us recall the ungentlemanly proceedings of the Irish members—and their opponents—and the extreme violence of behaviour that characterised the debates before 1914 on the Lloyd George budget, the reform of the House of Lords, and Irish Home Rule.

One assumption we feel justified in making in talking of the decline of the legislature in Britain is that decline is possible. There are countries where that assumption cannot so easily be made. Indeed Bryce, in his grave manner, remarked that 'in the new overseas democracies—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—we cannot, except perhaps in New Zealand, now talk of a falling off, for the level was never high. Corruption is rare, but the standard both of tone and manners and of intellectual attainment is not worthy of communities where everybody is well-off and well-educated, and where grave problems of legislation call for constructive ability'.

Abuse in the Australian Senate

I cannot be expected to relish this choice of examples. I would have preferred Bryce to illustrate his point by referring to the legislatures of Central and South America. But, taking one example which Bryce gave, let me offer this comment. It must be admitted that members of the Australian Senate, for example, have addressed each other as 'a prevaricator', 'a cur', 'a disgrace to the Senate', 'a half-boiled Labour man', 'a cadaver', 'a human shape', 'a coward', 'hypocrites', 'dodgers and shufflers' and, of course, 'liars'. They have, in addition, given the lie back to each other and expressed a wish to nail each other's lies to the mast. They have described other senators as political humbugs, as uttering a diabolical slander, as polluting the Chamber with their presence, and as dragging the Senate in the mire. They have dismissed other senators' speeches as 'disgusting piffle' and 'the yapping of a cur'. Let it be added that for all these expressions they have been ruled out of order by the President. Let it be added also

that the Speaker of the House of Commons has, in the same period, felt called upon to rule out of order such expressions as 'slanderer', 'murderer', 'hooligan', 'blackguard', 'traitor', 'criminal', 'cad', 'pecksniffian cant', 'insulting dog', 'swine', 'behaving like a jackass', 'lie down, dog', 'dishonest', 'villain', and 'vulgar'. So there is not much in it, though I may comfort myself that, if there is a superiority in strong words, the Australians have it.

A Relative Decline

Finally, in talking about decline we must make up our minds whether we mean absolute decline or relative decline. Some legislatures seem to be as powerful as ever in their own sphere—the legislatures of Scandinavia and the Low Countries, for example, and Switzerland, too. Yet it may be that the executives in those countries are stronger than they were—the impact of two wars and of economic depression has forced executives to do more than they used to do. But they have not necessarily taken powers away from the legislature in so doing. On the contrary, executives are doing things which no one, or at least no government, did before. Thus, considered in relation to the legislature, executives may be more powerful than they were, though not at the expense of the legislatures. In these circumstances legislatures have not declined absolutely, though they may have declined in their relative position within a constitution or system of government. This is relevant when we try to consider the position of the British parliament. For parliament, in these days, does more than ever before. It sits for a longer period in the year, and its members almost all find that membership is a full-time occupation. They work much harder than in that golden age. Looked at absolutely, parliament is more important than it was, but in relation to the Cabinet, to the Civil Service, and to its front benches, it may well be said to have declined.

Let me come now to the evidence for the decline of legislatures, for it does exist. What I have said up to now is not intended to deny decline but to help us to judge its nature and extent. First of all, I will take some fairly substantial evidence which relates to the state legislatures of the United States. If you look at the provisions of the state constitutions in America, you will come to the conclusion that, generally speaking, the citizens of the States apparently do not trust their legislatures, or, at any rate, do not trust them very far. For one thing, they do not seem to feel the need for them. In this country and in the Commonwealth, though we may not love our legislators, we think they ought to meet at least once a year, and for a fairly substantial period too, so that they may act as a standing committee of grievances, to put it no higher. But only ten out of the forty-eight American state constitutions require their legislatures to meet annually; in the others, legislatures meet every second year. It is true that in some cases a state governor can call the legislature into extraordinary session, and this power is exercised, but it is odd to us that annual sessions should not be the usual, ordinary thing.

Then, when the legislatures do meet, they are very restricted in what they can do. They are forbidden to pass laws on some matters; in other matters the state constitution itself contains the law in some detail, which the legislature cannot alter. In a number of States the constitution earmarks so high a proportion of the tax revenues that the legislature has the power to deal with less than half of the State's expenditure. In some States the legislatures are not only prevented from making law; when they do exercise law making powers they are required to submit the bill for approval to the electors in a referendum. And in some States, too, there is a provision for the people themselves to take a hand in the law making process by the device of the Initiative, by which a certain number of people can put forward a bill which is submitted for the approval of the electorate.

The decline in power and prestige of American state legislatures seems undoubted in this century. It worries many Americans. I was looking at the report, recently published, of the Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, which President Eisenhower set up a couple of years ago to study the relations of federal, state, and local governments in the United States. I was interested to notice that great stress was laid upon the decline of legislatures. The report says:

In the early history of our country state legislatures were the most powerful and influential instruments of government in the nation. It was to them that the average citizen looked primarily for initiative and wisdom in the formulation of public policy on domestic issues. They overshadowed the other branches of state government. In power and influence they are no longer as dominant as they were, partly because of the ascendancy of the national government, partly because of the

increased influence of the state executive, but primarily because they have not found effective solutions to problems that become more chronic and more difficult to cope with in a rapidly changing society.

The Commission goes on to say that these constitutional limitations upon state legislatures are an important cause of their ineffectiveness. Restrictions and limitations of this kind, they say, 'have engendered at least as many errors and excesses as they have prevented'. They undermine the principle of responsible representative government.

But now let us come nearer home. What conclusions are we to draw when we are told that in 1952 parliament passed sixty-four Acts and that they occupied one volume of 1,437 pages; while in the same year ministers promulgated 1,029 statutory instruments which occupied three volumes and a total of 3,980 pages. This is no new thing. In 1920, eighty-two Acts of Parliament were passed, and they took up one volume of 600 pages; in the same year there were over 800 statutory instruments and they occupied two volumes and about 3,000 pages. Must we not say that, where making the laws is concerned, parliament in Britain has declined in power? So far as sheer bulk is concerned, there is, in fact, no absolute decline. Parliament still makes as much, if not more, pages of statutes as it did. But where delegated legislation is concerned, clearly the executive has become an important law maker, and there is a relative decline in the position of parliament.

This growth of legislation by government departments has aroused a good deal of anxiety. Committees have sat on it. I would make one comment about it. It seems to me that the exercise of these powers is by no means so uncontrolled by parliament as some critics have suggested. The House of Commons has a very effective Select Committee on Statutory Instruments which scrutinises carefully the instruments laid before the House for its approval. Departments stand in some awe of this committee. Back-bench members, too, have been active in organising debates upon some of these rules and orders, and although the Government usually wins on the vote, the vigilance of members has its effect. To speak of the House of Commons as a mere rubber-stamp, where delegated legislation is concerned, seems to me to ignore some effective safeguards which have been devised, more particularly since 1945. None the less, it is clear that, if we consider the law making process as a whole in Britain, parliament's share has declined relatively, but not, let us note, because it has done less but because the Government has done more. This experience is not confined to Britain. Legislation by the executive under one guise or another is a feature of government in Commonwealth countries, in the United States, and on the Continent. In this sense there has been, gradually, a decline of legislatures.

Consultation with Outside Bodies

Then there is an important respect in which even when laws are actually passed through parliament itself, parliament has declined in its influence relatively. I am thinking of the great growth in the practice of consulting bodies outside parliament before bills are introduced. Though ministers are usually careful not to show a draft bill to outside bodies, they do follow the practice of finding out the views of these bodies, and indeed there is a whole system of regularly constituted consultative councils and committees whose advice is available to departments. There is nothing wrong in this. On the contrary, it is not to be expected that the varied interests of a country can be completely and accurately represented in a House of Commons elected on party lines by territorial constituencies. Nor, on the other hand, would we think it desirable that the House should consist almost entirely of representatives of vested interests, however respectable these interests might be. We do not believe in the functional parliament. But we do realise that there should be some machinery through which people should be represented in terms of how they make their living, for example, in addition to a House of Commons which represents them in terms of where they live. Our answer to this—and it seems to me a good answer—are the practices and institutions of functional consultation, the discussion with interested parties, with experts, and with administrators outside the Civil Service, on questions of policy which may become the subject of legislation.

But the danger is that when things have been worked out rather carefully in a department in consultation with these outside bodies, they are presented to parliament rather as *faits accomplis*. If members criticise them and seek to modify them, they are told, as likely as not, that as these proposals have been worked out carefully, taking into account the views of all those who have been consulted, it is not

possible to alter them. It is natural that this should produce a feeling of frustration among members on both sides of the House. They feel all the more frustrated for they know that if, at an earlier stage in the discussion, they had asked for information on the Government's intentions and had suggested a debate, they would have been told that, as discussions are still going on, a debate is inadvisable, that no information can be disclosed at this stage, and that negotiations might be put in jeopardy by reason of what might be said in open debate.

This, I think, is perhaps even more serious. It has long been understood that in the matter of making laws parliament is subordinate to the Government. And if the Government chooses to take outside advice before it comes to parliament with a bill, that is its business. It must still seek the advice and consent of parliament. But in the matter of talk we have thought of parliament as having a rather special and important freedom. Yet it is common, I think, to hear it said, when members of parliament want to talk about a subject, that the time is not ripe. Something is being said at Geneva or at the United Nations which makes it inappropriate to discuss it in public just now. Consultations are proceeding, the matter is under negotiation, important proposals have just been put forward. In international affairs we can often see the force of this argument, but not perhaps quite so often as it is put forward. In home affairs we find it harder to accept. We know the danger and unwisdom of legislators who talk too soon; foreign assemblies provide us with many examples of them. But is it not just as bad to belong to a legislature where, if you can talk at all, you talk too late? I confess I do not know how this is to be avoided. But I mention it as a sign of a decline, as it seems to me, in the extent to which parliament can exercise not its powers but its influence.

Yet when I come to try to strike a balance where parliament in this country is concerned, I find it difficult to know how far, if at all, it has declined. Its prestige is still great. Britain is still one of those countries—and they are few—where service in parliament is counted an honourable profession. If the individual member seems ineffective, in these days, this is no new situation. Mr. Greggsbury's constituents put this question to him: 'Whether, sir, you did not state upon the hustings, that it was your firm and determined intention to oppose everything proposed; to divide the House upon every question, to move for returns on every subject, to place a motion on the books every day, and, in short, in your own memorable words, to play the very devil with everything and everybody?' The only answer he could give to this question was: 'I deny everything'. But the member today is not

as powerless as Mr. Greggsbury. It is not insignificant that a question in parliament is regarded as a formidable check upon the government. Ministers and officials do not regard with contempt the scrutiny which the House exercises by question, by examination in select committees on public accounts and on estimates. All this must be set off against the relative decline of parliament in relation to the growth in the power of the executive, and to the growth of other bodies outside parliament, where public affairs are debated and discussed, and sometimes decided. Decline is not necessarily decay. Moreover, where the matter of talk is concerned, why should it not be shared by many powerful public bodies and not confined to one? Talk in parliament will be all the more interesting and all the more influential if it is conducted upon the foundation and with the background of an electorate participating in talk itself through a variety of institutions—whether they are economic, cultural, or political.

There is one final aspect of the British parliament which I would like to mention, in which I venture, as an outsider, to see no decline. The Duke of Omnium put it like this: 'Taking it altogether', he said, 'I know of no assembly in any country in which good humour prevails so generally, in which members behave to each other so well, in which rules are so universally followed, or in which the president is so thoroughly sustained by the feeling of the members'.

All this is true and good. But it can go too far. Another of Trollope's characters said that there was almost nothing you could not get away with in the House if you owned up in a genial sort of way. 'If I had murdered my grandmother', he said, 'I have only to get up and say: "I regret to say, sir, that the old woman did get in my way when I was in a passion. Unfortunately, I had a heavy stick in my hand and I did strike her over the head. Nobody can regret it so much as I do! Nobody can feel so acutely the position in which I am placed. I have sat in this House for many years and many gentlemen know me well. I think, sir, that they will acknowledge that I am a man not deficient in filial piety and general humanity. Sir, I am sorry for what I did in a moment of heat. I have now spoken the truth and I shall leave myself in the hands of the House". My belief is', he said, 'that I should get a great round of applause as I should never achieve in any other way. It is not only that a popular man may do it, but the most unpopular man in the House may make himself liked by owning freely that he has done something that he ought to be ashamed of'. I cannot help feeling that there is still a great deal of truth in that.

—Third Programme

The 'Earnings Rule' for Retired Pensioners

By BRIAN ABEL-SMITH

THE Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, Mr. Peake, has recently referred to his advisory committee the question of whether adjustments are called for in the 'earnings rule' for retired pensioners. Before 1946, men who had paid their insurance contributions received their pension at sixty-five whether they retired or not. From 1946 onwards they have had to choose whether they are going to retire when they become sixty-five. If they decide to stay on at work, they receive a higher pension later on. If, on the other hand, they decide to retire, they receive their full pension providing they do not earn more than £2 a week. Every shilling they earn above £2 is subtracted from their pension. This is known as the earnings rule. At present about 30,000 people are losing their pension altogether on this account, and a further 20,000 have had their pension reduced.

The limit of £2 a week has been in force since 1951. Between 1946 and 1951 the limit was £1 a week. Since 1951 prices have risen, with the result that the limit would have to be about £2 7s. 6d. today to be worth the same as £2 in 1951. On the other hand, the limit of £2 today can purchase substantially more than £1 could in 1946.

If the earnings rule were raised to, say, £10 a week, the retirement pension would in practice be fairly close to an old-age pension, and would in many cases supplement full-time wages. In fact, some members of parliament would like to see the retirement pension become an old-age pension again. Most private pension arrangements allow you to work at another job and still receive your pension. The present system aims at encouraging people to stay at work and eventually earn a higher pension. Half a million people are at present doing this. And as the number of older people is increasing, it is a good thing that people

should stay at work. But, on the other hand, the economic problem of an ageing population is now considerably less important than it was expected to be when Lord Beveridge suggested the present arrangements. A recent enquiry has shown that few people decide to stay at work solely to earn a higher pension, but a quarter of them said it did play a part in their decision.

A number of people who decide to retire change their minds later on. About half the people who leave work as soon as they can get their pension complain of ill health, and a further quarter are retired, sometimes unwillingly, by their employers. Even those who have looked forward to the leisure and rest of retirement often find that they miss the companionship as well as the pay packet they enjoyed at work. The earnings rule penalises those who change their minds or whose circumstances alter—such as the rich who recover sufficiently to return to work. The case for not raising the earnings limit is mainly a financial one. If more people at sixty-five took part-time work instead of full-time work, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be out of pocket. And the more part-time work he allowed them to take while still receiving full pension, the more money it would cost.

It is this conflict of social and financial policy which the National Insurance Advisory Committee will have to resolve. My own view is that we should make the retirement pension into an old-age pension again. We should pay the pension at sixty-five whether the man retires or not. Our pension arrangements should not discourage anyone from taking on part-time work if they wish.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

[A letter from Lord Beveridge on this subject appears on page 1003]

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Russian tour in Asia

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Christmas Cheer

IN the first of a series of broadcast talks Mr. Anthony Crosland, who used to teach economics at Oxford and was formerly a member of parliament, considers 'The Price of Prosperity'. (His talk is printed on another page.) In his approach to this subject Mr. Crosland takes upon himself something of the guise of Father Christmas. He reminds us (as the Chancellor of the Exchequer did once) that the British economy is growing at a rate which will make a doubling of the standard of living possible in twenty-five years. He asks how this can be a bad thing. People are, and feel, better off, he says, and while he agrees that one cannot equate material prosperity with happiness, he does not see that there is any decisive case against rising material standards. Some people may refer contemptuously to this age of television sets, refrigerators, and washing machines. Saints may praise, or at any rate practise, the virtues of austerity and poverty. But those who have lived through the past thirty years will find it hard to deny that the present situation is an improvement upon an era which saw malnutrition, distressed areas, widespread want, and over two million unemployed. That is the argument.

It is clear that in his talk in this series Mr. Crosland has put only one side of a complicated case which other speakers will be attacking differently. Everybody knows—and Chancellors of the Exchequer in both parties have reminded us more than once—that in spite of the rise in output ours is in one way at least a precarious economy. We are dependent upon importing about half of our food and many of our raw materials. Even that raw material on which in the past our economy was largely based—namely coal—has now to some extent to be imported. Our supplies of dollars have fluctuated, and since the war we have been subjected to periodic 'crises', usually because of threats to the balance of payments. To maintain our economic position and meet our financial commitments as a nation we have to pay high taxes not only on what we earn but on what we buy. Inflation may be the natural condition under which we are destined to live for the rest of our lives, but so far no government has accepted this. And the concomitants of inflation, as we have seen in recent years, are hardship for those, like pensioners, who live upon fixed incomes and constant industrial unrest. No doubt some of these problems will be discussed in the other talks. For ours is not merely a television-and-refrigerator world, it is also an inflationary and atomic age.

In another talk which we publish today Mr. J. N. Morris argues that prevalent modern illnesses of coronary thrombosis, duodenal ulcer, and cancer of the lung are probably the price of an age of prosperity, just as malnutrition and rickets were the products of the age of unemployment. And again it can be said that if the discovery of atomic energy may compensate for our insufficiency of coal, so too it may in the end blow us all to pieces, should diplomacy find no means of averting wars. The truth is, surely, that whatever form or shape of society we dwell in, suffering and discomfort, personal tragedies and individual hardship are unavoidable. It is no use pretending, as Rousseau and others have done, that the uninstructed savage is happier or freer of disease than his highly civilised brother. He may not suffer from ulcers or be so subject to coronary thrombosis, but he is quite as likely to die in a highly unpleasant way. And his hobbies have often been nastier than watching television programmes. Our present state of civilisation is a topic well worth discussing, but it is unlikely to be one upon which any firm or agreed conclusions will be reached. Meanwhile many will be grateful to Mr. Crosland for his Christmas cheer.

THE SOVIET LEADERS' TOUR of Asia continued to attract widespread attention. Moscow broadcasts, in addition to publicising the many speeches by Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin, emphasised the 'unprecedented demonstration of friendship and love for the peoples of the Soviet Union' shown by the Indian people. A broadcast quoting *Pravda* said that the 'extraordinary mass welcome' signified an 'irresistible force'—

the immense power of the human spirit, which is beginning to be aware of its strength and that there is beside it another powerful people to give it the necessary support.

Indians, said *Pravda*, were realising that 'a people which has felt the yoke of exploitation and has rid itself of this yoke cannot but be a sincere and unselfish friend of a people fighting to maintain its national independence'.

Indians compare the unselfish Soviet proposals . . . with the aid proposals of the capitalist countries, conditioned by the enslavement of the national economy of those to whom this aid is offered.

Pravda, among other Soviet newspapers, was also quoted for articles on the 'growing friendship between the peoples of Burma and the Soviet Union'. Asia was the scene of growing political activity 'in the struggle for national independence, freedom, and the building of a new life', which had begun with the great October Revolution. The Soviet people, added *Pravda*, took pride in the 'trust and love of the Burmese people'. On December 3, in a further violent attack on Britain, Mr. Khrushchev was quoted as saying that when Britain ruled Burma, she had 'sat on the necks' of the Burmese people and robbed them. The Soviet Union was ready to do all in its power to prevent the 'colonisers' from returning to Burma. Mr. Khrushchev added that the Soviet Union did not want anything from Burma but 'brotherly love'. The 'colonialist' powers had also been attacked in a speech in India by Mr. Bulganin, who accused them of threatening a new war through extending the network of military pacts. In one of his speeches in India, Mr. Khrushchev was quoted by Moscow radio as having spoken as follows about Soviet relations with the West:

If you do not like us, we tell the capitalist states, do not play host to us . . . We do not refuse visas to those who wish to visit our country. You probably know the Biblical legend about Noah's Ark. When Noah chose the animals for his Ark, he took seven pairs of every clean beast and two pairs of every unclean beast. And I can tell you that it is more of the *unclean* that have come to us . . .

On November 30, Mr. Nehru said that the world need have no fear that the visit of the Soviet leaders would lead India to join the Communist bloc. He added:

We try to be friendly with all countries, whether we agree with them or not.

East German broadcasts—commenting on the detention of the two U.S. Congressmen in east Berlin—emphasised that 'Berlin is the capital of a sovereign state, the German Democratic Republic'. On December 1 the Federal German Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano, stated that his Government took a very serious view of the Soviet Commandant's statement on the status of Berlin. He added that though the Geneva conference had been a bitter disappointment to all Germans, they would never make a deal with the Soviet Union that would jeopardise their freedom; and he went on:

Mr. Molotov can be certain that although he once signed a pact with Ribbentrop, he will never make such a treaty with the Federal Republic or with the reunited Germany of tomorrow.

From the U.S.A. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that the Russian Commandant's statement revealed a serious situation of unforeseeable consequences. It might well be used by the Soviets and their east German puppets to raise questions about the continued occupation of east Berlin by western troops.

On November 29 a Moscow commentator, in a broadcast to North America, said that the Soviet Union was prepared to stop testing nuclear weapons provided other countries agreed to do the same. Some western commentators dismissed the proposal as a propaganda offer: others thought the Western Powers should take advantage of the proposal to test Soviet sincerity and seek an immediate agreement to postpone further nuclear tests, at least until more was known about the radiation effects.

Did You Hear That?

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

'THE FIRST REAL BRIDGE over the Schöllenen Gorges along the St. Gotthard route over the Alps', said RUSSELL HENDERSON in 'The Eye-witness', 'is fairly reliably reported to date from a few years after Magna Carta, when a local blacksmith from Göschenen, the town a few hundred feet below the gorges, on the north side, slung some cables across.

'Another bridge was put up later, and the stone one, still in use, was built about sixty-odd years ago. The first man to go across the pass on wheels was an English traveller named Greville, in 1775. But the old stone bridge has long been too narrow for modern traffic, and some of the bigger cross-country buses have to edge on to it very carefully. So about three years ago it was decided to put up a new modern one to match the re-building of the St. Gotthard Pass road. The old road leading on to the bridge went along a kind of shelf built into the sheer rock wall, called the Devil's Wall, arched over the torrent across the old bridge, and then whiplashed back to climb the few remaining feet to the top of the pass.

'The new bridge, it was decided, should spring more or less at right angles from the wall, cutting the old road loop, and to do this a tunnel will be cut through the wall to open on to the bridge during the winter months. This hole will be made where the picture of the Devil is painted on the rock face, together with the ibex the cunning local people sent across the bridge the Devil made, to foil him in his Faustian bargain that he should have the soul of the first creature to cross his bridge.

'So that when you stand on the southern end of the new bridge and look northwards, you see a blank wall in front of you with the old road spiralling below round to the old bridge, which is on your left. Again, to your left, the river Reuss, here just a foaming mountain torrent, roars downwards, hurling up icy spray; at least it was icy the morning I was there, when the thermometer read twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit and the bitter winds blew in all directions. These winds were only one of the hazards facing the bridge-builders, but a serious one. For instance, there are fierce up and down currents, and the scaffolding had to be studied carefully, for winds against a squarish wooden bowl have a much greater effect than against a rounded one, around which they can flow easily. So one-and-a-half-inch steel tube scaffolding was used during the building, about six miles in all, to make up the supports while the concrete of the arch was setting. A mixture of concrete and local granite was used for the 270-foot-long construction. The stone was chosen not only because it is strong, but because it was felt that the natural grandeur of the region should not be spoilt by naked concrete'.

A CORNISH LUNATIC

'Cornwall has produced many eccentric sons', said DENYS VAL BAKER in a West of England talk, 'but surely none so extraordinary as "Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay", Knight of Malta, King of Jerusalem, and Prince of Abyssinia—or, to give him his correct name, John Nichols Tom. Born at St. Columb on November 10, 1799, Tom

was the son of the landlord of the Joiner's Arms, William Tom, and his wife Charity, who was regarded in the district as rather more than eccentric, and in fact nicknamed "Cracked Charity". She eventually became a lunatic and died in the County asylum.

'During his youth Tom's eccentricity was confined to instances like cutting off the whiskers of the schoolteacher's favourite cat, for which he was expelled. On leaving school he worked for a time in an attorney's office, but later gave this up to take a position as cellarman with a firm of Truro wine merchants. For five years Tom remained in this work. He progressed so well that he married and eventually set up in business on his own as a maltster. Apparently he lived very extravagantly and he was heavily in debt when, at an extremely convenient moment for him, his newly built malt house was totally destroyed by fire. Tom received the insurance compensation of £3,000, and went on prospering.

In May, 1832, he made a very large sum of money on a deal in malt with a Liverpool firm, and it is from this moment that the more extraordinary side of his career began. He wrote a note to his wife from Liverpool; and then disappeared, never to be seen in Cornwall again.

'Apparently Tom's imagination had been fired by the exploits of Lady Hester Stanhope, who had settled in Syria as "Queen of Lebanon" with a fixed belief that the Messiah was about to re-appear on earth and bring the final millenium. He travelled to Syria, presenting himself to the British Consul at Beirut as "Sir William Courtenay". He arrived with an official escort at Lady Hester's quasi-oriental home and announced that he was the forerunner of the expected Messiah. Unfortunately for him, Lady Hester would not even see him, and he was forced to return to England. But this appetite for the fantastic had been whetted, for next we find him taking rooms in Canterbury and using the formidable name

of Rothschild (later changed to Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay). He dressed in luxurious Italian clothes, or sometimes in flowing eastern robes, and as he had grown a long patriarchal beard it can be imagined that he made quite an impression on the good people of Canterbury.

'Soon Tom became involved in a smuggling case in which he somewhat rashly undertook the defence of the smugglers—astonishing the magistrates at Rochester Court by appearing in a rich eastern costume with a scimitar hanging from his neck on a massive gold chain. When he himself testified a mass of clearly untrue evidence he was indicted for perjury, found guilty, and sentenced to seven years transportation; but he was so obviously mentally unbalanced that he was confined to Barming Heath asylum instead. There Tom remained for several years, but appeared to make a complete recovery and was eventually released on security. Presumably he had simply taken in his warders, for within a very short time he was going about Kent promising the already discontented working people that he would soon be the greatest power in Kent (he became known, in fact, as "the Kentish Pretender").

'At first Tom confined himself to material matters—he had "considerable influence at Court", at the forthcoming coronation of Queen



Traffic passing over the old stone bridge across the St. Gotthard Pass (built by the Swiss in 1828) while work continues on the new one

Victoria he had been "selected to sit at her Majesty's right hand", and he said, when he came into power, "the poor should live on his estates free of rent and earning high wages", etc. Soon Tom aimed higher, stating quite openly that he was in fact the reincarnated Saviour and that God had given him the power to resist all attempts to arrest. As visible signs of his divinity he exhibited punctures in his hands and a cicatrice on his side (later it was believed that the marks had been painted on). Many of his simple rustic followers fell down at his feet worshipping, really believing him to be the Messiah.

'On May 28, 1838, Tom embarked on his most fantastic adventure, marching at the head of a gang of about a score of country folk, bearing a pole on which a broken leaf was fixed, and carrying a flag of white and blue, on which was a rampant lion. They intended to march to London itself, there to demand from the Government numerous reforms. Disturbed at the news of the march, the authorities took action, and a Constable Mears was sent to arrest the ringleaders, who were now assembled at Bossenden Wood. No sooner did the unfortunate constable appear than Tom, or "Sir William" as he was called by his men, produced a gun and shot him dead. Next, drawing a long sword which he called *Excalibur*, after the magic weapon used by King Arthur, Tom plunged it into the dead body and cried out: "Now, am I not your saviour?" Finally, he fired yet another shot into the body.

'Naturally further attempts were made by the local constabulary to apprehend the gang, but they found resistance so strong that they had to send for a detachment of 100 soldiers, who quickly surrounded the wood. When the soldiers came near, Tom advanced boldly, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, a loose, belted blouse, and a long sword, his appearance of wildness enhanced by a flowing beard, black, unkempt hair, and bright insane eyes. No doubt the soldiers were momentarily taken aback, especially as Tom proceeded to shoot down one of the lieutenants. But in due course the soldiers launched their attack, and Tom, along with nearly a dozen of his misguided followers, was killed'.

WELLS MUSEUM

'Professor L. S. Palmer, the new honorary curator of Wells Museum, has a job that many people might envy him', said CHARLES ROSS in 'Window on the West'. 'All his life he has been interested in archaeology and antiquities, and now he has turned this hobby into a full-time occupation. Already, in the year he has been curator, he has made some fascinating discoveries.

'The collection at Wells was mainly brought together by a remarkable man, Mr. Balch, who devoted a long lifetime to assiduous collection of everything of local interest. Some of this material—for example, the fine series of remains from Wookey Hole and other Mendip caves—was properly sorted and carefully arranged. But there was also, when Professor Palmer took over, a large back-room of stuff not catalogued and not displayed to the public, and it is here that he has turned up a number of things of great interest.

'Among these, he has found a piece of slate, originally discovered at Wedmore, a manor of the Dean of Wells, on which are scratched some lines of medieval music, a rare and unusual object. It is a five-line score, and is apparently part of a fifteenth-century *Kyrie*. He has found, too, the first and earliest Act Book of the vicars choral, covering the years 1360-1500. This was once thrown out upon a dust-heap, but was fortunately salvaged early in the nineteenth century.

'Rarest of all his finds, and Professor Palmer's special pride, is an extraordinarily venerable iron smelting furnace. It has been subjected

to scientific analysis and has been found to have been made round about 250 B.C. It is pretty safe to say that this unique Iron Age furnace is the earliest relic of the iron industry in England, and, appropriately enough, it has been chosen by the Iron and Steel Institute as a frontispiece for their official history'.

PHOTOGRAPHING A GYR FALCON

'North-west Iceland', said STANLEY CERELY in a Home Service talk, 'is a land of long, precipitous headlands and deep fjords, a wild, savage country where one of the rarest of wild birds makes its home. I went there because it had been a dream of mine for a long time to photograph the gyr falcon with the young in its nest. The bird is so rare and it builds its nest in such inaccessible places.

'I had never been across a horse before, but the 'Little Red One', as my pony was nicknamed in Icelandic, was wise enough for both of us.

It was July, and I scanned the great basalt cliffs ahead as we rode slowly inland up the south side of a fjord.

'Then I saw it. I had my binoculars with me: but you could see the eyrie without them from a long way off, by the white stain of the birds' droppings on the rock face. I focussed my binoculars on it, but there was no bird there, not a sign of movement. I left my pony, and made an approach underneath the eyrie by a devious route, so that I was approaching underneath it from a flank, so to speak, and no bird would have had a chance to realise that I had made this approach. From this distance, it could not have seen me at all. Having got there, I started to climb up, and then, with the most remarkable suddenness, a bird did swoop out from the ledge where this white stain was, making the most tremendous scream as it flew. I could see that it was an adult bird, slate-brown in colour, its wing-span about four feet, with the flight of



Gyr falcon eyases, two or three weeks old, photographed by Mr. Cerely in Iceland

a peregrine. It was taken by surprise, and it flew out over the fjord.

'When the bird had climbed about 200 feet, turning as it did so, it must have decided that one human being was worth having a go at, in an effort to dissuade him from getting any nearer to its nest. And so it came back at me again, letting out a fearful scream as it reached me. I turned directly and saw it fly up, and watched it fascinated. The bird could not attack me frontally as I was close to the cliff. It came down with terrific speed, and it would have dashed itself against the cliffs, but to avoid this it beat out to a flank about 200 yards away to my right as I faced outwards, and came at me from that flank—a fairly shallow dive.

'Gyr falcons, when they are attacking their prey, which are birds as a rule, strike in mid-air, go up a great height above these birds, then, when they are almost vertically above them, they half-close their wings, and drop in a steep dive with tremendous force upon their victims, nearly always killing them instantly with the force of the blow from their talons.

'A gyr falcon's talons look like steel hooks when you see them close up. I saw those talons lowered, just before the bird reached me; but it never got nearer than three feet from me before pulling out of its dive. The steel hooks of a gyr falcon would, without any doubt, mark one for life. It travels at such tremendous speed that it is right on top of you in a moment. As it checks itself and pulls away from you, out of that dive, there is a swishing and throbbing of air through the now fully extended wings. It sails up as though it were lifted on an invisible sea of air, and carries up into a steep climb. Then it turns its head around in quite a leisurely way, as it climbs, looking back at you'.

British Historical Writing on India

By C. H. PHILIPS

IN our lifetime the history of the peoples of Asia will be re-written, certainly by Asian historians themselves striving to express their new outlook as they emerge from the era of European dominance. Already this is taking place in India and Pakistan, whose history as it stands at present is to a large degree the creation of European, specially British, writers. Under the impact of the freedom movements in Asia, the historical perspective not only of Indian and Pakistani but also of European writers is changing rapidly, and in Britain we are now considering the desirability of re-writing the six-volume *Cambridge History of India*, the major work of British historical scholarship on India published twenty to thirty years ago.

If any systematic attempt is to be made to re-create objectively the history of India and Pakistan, whether by British or other historians, it is essential to establish first the basis from which we all have to start. What have been the course and the character, the major trends, of historical writing on these countries? British historical writing on India constitutes the core of the problem. What, therefore, have been the major assumptions, attitudes, and purposes of British historians, and what schools of thought have been dominant? In point of fact these fields of enquiry are as yet unexplored.

The British, in their conquest of India, found a country unlike the Europe of their time but resembling in some respects their own idea of the Europe of the middle ages, or even of the ancient empires described by Herodotus. So they could not turn away from the question: Are we to try to modernise this ancient land or in some way to preserve its institutions and govern them?

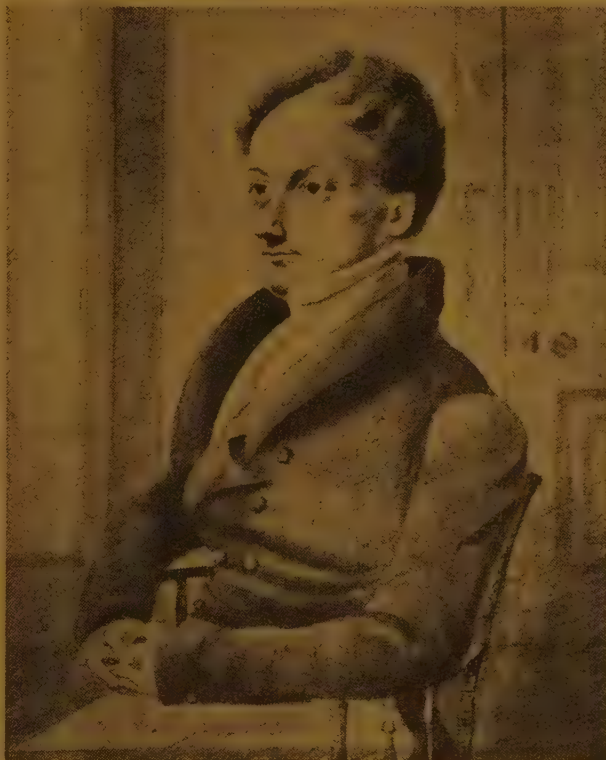
During and for some time after the conquest British officers could not forget how fortuitous their victory had been and how precarious their position was. They were disposed to raise no sleeping tigers by going against the established ways. But this mood changed in about the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Britain was becoming more aware of her own material power, and the utilitarians and evangelicals confirmed a growing belief in the inferiority, whether political, cultural, moral, or spiritual, of Indians. India must be quickly improved and all that was good must come from outside. The mutiny of 1857 checked this zeal for innovation but confirmed the fact of British paramountcy. Indian society, though, was recognised as having 'teeth and a power of self-defence' hitherto unsuspected. The British got on with administration and economic development and, as they perfected their administrative machine, began to place the ideal of good government above that of self-government. Then, in the last phase, shaken by two world wars and impressed by their own political image in the mirror which Indians held up to them, they freed India.

At the period in the late eighteenth century when the English East India Company's power was spreading into Bengal, the ancient literature of the Hindus and much of the Indian Moslem literature were still relatively unknown, as were the laws and customs of the people, and the Company's officers were groping for information about their new and numerous subjects. Just as Warren Hastings, during his governor-generalship, began deliberately to experiment in different systems of tax-gathering in order to discover who actually were the proprietors of land, so he began to encourage research into the laws,

customs, and history of the people. He got a fellow Persian scholar, Nath Halhed, to translate the *Gentoo Code*, and with the arrival in Bengal in 1784 of William Jones (a Fellow of University College, Oxford, and a classical and Persian scholar), the stage was set for the discovery of the forgotten early history of India. Jones soon became interested in Sanskrit, a knowledge of which was just beginning to grow outside India, and he soon identified the early Indian ruler, Chandragupta, with the Sandrocottos of Greek historians. It was the beginning, in Jones' words, of a search for Indian 'historical writing unmixed with fable'. But Jones and his fellow-members of the Asiatic Society, which he founded, sought in vain, for the fact was that the Hindus and the early Indian empires, unlike the Moslems and their Indian states, had left few directly historical or chronological works; so few that we are justified in concluding that it was a branch of literature, a form of activity, in which they had little interest. Jones and his colleague, unaware, thus sought a history that was as flimsy as gossamer. However, through their study of Sanskrit grammar, drama, and poetry, through the Institutes of Hindu Law, through Hinduism, they formed an extremely high opinion of the quality of early Hindu civilisation, confirming the expectations of Hastings that their work would 'open a new and most extensive range for the human mind, beyond the present limited and beaten field of its operations'. But these scholar-administrators—with Jones, Charles Wilkins, and Henry Colebrooke the three most prominent—were few in number and understandably their work was slow in maturing.

Meanwhile, British India was being conquered and governed, and India had become one of the nuclear subjects of English politics. Civilians and soldiers poured into India. An English society grew up, aloof, fitting neatly into caste society. Meanwhile Britain herself was changing under the stresses of industrialisation. The Brahmanised Englishman became an object of suspicion, the tolerant feelings of Warren Hastings for the Indian peoples, his desire to lay down a system for 'reconciling the people of England to the nature of Hindustan', were challenged by new views. The succeeding governors-general, Cornwallis, John Shore, were representative. 'Every native of Hindustan', said Cornwallis, 'I verily believe, is corrupt', and the higher ranks of government were limited to Europeans. 'Sir John Shore', a fair-minded observer reported, 'has many strong prejudices, and a universal one against the natives of India'. Shore was an evangelical and a friend of Charles Grant, who had long served in Bengal and who had already written, though not published, his *Observations on the state of society among the Asiatic subjects of Great Britain*, in which he urged the application of Christianity and of western education to change, in his view, 'a hideous state of Indian society'. A group of Christian missionaries were busy getting into print with a similar indictment, and the battle to determine British purposes in India was fully joined in London.

It was just at this stage, in 1806, that James Mill, the Utilitarian philosopher and writer, at the age of thirty-three, began work in London on his *History of British India*. Twelve years later, in six substantial books, it was published. By deliberately attempting in the second and third books an estimate of the full significance of Hindu and Moslem government and civilisation in India, it ranged far beyond



James Mill (1773-1836), whose *History of British India* was published in 1818

its title, and the whole work constituted in fact the first comprehensive history of India. Its chief significance now is that it has exercised the greatest influence on British writing and thinking on India, which has persisted down to our own day.

Yet, surprisingly, little study has been made of Mill's *History*. James Stephen, in his work on *The Utilitarians*, dismissed it in a few lines; Halévy, in *The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism*, gave this side of Mill only cursory attention. Only recently has attention been drawn to Mill's work, but not so much as a *History* as an important 'instrument of Benthamite propaganda'. Their neglect is the more surprising because, at the time of its publication, the *History* made a great impression. On the strength of it the East India Company's directors appointed Mill to a senior post on their London staff. Ricardo praised it to the skies. Ten years or so later Macaulay could refer to the *History* in the House of Commons as 'on the whole the greatest historical work which has appeared in our language since that of Gibbon', and later on in his famous *Minute on Indian Education* paid it the greater compliment of using some of Mill's material. Mill's son, John Stuart, described it as 'one of the most instructive histories ever written', and Hayman Wilson, Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, perhaps the most severe critic of the detail of the *History*, yet finally judged it in 1844 as still 'the most valuable work upon the subject which has yet been published'.

Propaganda for Bentham?

We are led to ask what provoked Mill, who had never been to India and had no acquaintance with its languages, into writing on its history. Why, when he had ostensibly set out to deal with British India, did he dwell in such detail on Hindu and Moslem civilisation, and how did he come to make such a sweeping condemnation of their history? In a recent article in *The Cambridge Journal*, Mr. Duncan Forbes has argued that Mill wrote this *History* to propagate the doctrine of his friend and master, Jeremy Bentham; that it served his purposes to describe a despotically ruled Indian people dominated by caste, privilege, and religion, as then and always barbarous; that in the process he elaborated his own 'scientific' sociology and with it fashioned a 'scientific' instrument for the legislator in India. He concludes that Mill, who was beginning to write in the year 1806, at a time when a direct assault on Church and State in England was impossible, found a convenient way, in this attack on Hinduism, of undermining these institutions in England.

This argument, sound though it may be, by no means gives us a full explanation of why the *History* was written. Mill's *History* is much wider in conception than this interpretation allows, as I think we can soon establish if we turn to Mill's own preface; of which his son, John Stuart, said: 'It gives a picture, which may be entirely depended upon, of the sentiments and expectation with which he wrote the *History*'. Mill tells us that in his study of British history he was surprised to find that 'the knowledge requisite for attaining an adequate conception of that great Indian scene of British action was collected nowhere'. This was certainly all the more surprising because, for twenty years past, India had been one of the most controversial subjects of English politics, and in that period nothing more dramatic had occurred in London, for example, than the impeachment of Hastings. The materials, in the form of parliamentary reports, lay readily to hand, as yet undigested.

Mill's motives in writing on India were complex, but uppermost was his desire to apply utilitarian doctrines in governing British India. As Halévy suggests, Bentham's references to India in his *Treatise on the Influence of Time and Place in Legislation* had interested Mill, and in the *History* he states that he intended 'to provide for British India, in the room of the abominable existing system, a good system of judicial procedure', but whereas Bentham was interested in finding out whether and how far his principles could be applied in India, Mill was bent on proving that they could be, and in the process designed a ladder or scale of civilisation to simplify the legislator's task of prescribing for each society on each particular rung. 'To ascertain', he said, 'the true state of the Hindus in the scale of civilisation . . . is to the people of Great Britain . . . an object of the highest practical importance'. But by what tests was this state to be judged? 'Exactly in proportion as *Utility* is the object of every pursuit, may we regard a nation as civilised'.

By this assessment, contemporary as well as ancient India, whether in science, religion, government, law, or political economy, was barbarous. But Sir William Jones and his fellow Sanskritists had meanwhile been arguing that the early Hindus had reached a high

degree of civilisation. Mill denied this, partly because, he said, 'the term civilisation was by Jones, as by most men . . . attached to no fixed and definite assemblage of ideas', partly because he had no difficulty in finding evidence to suit his purpose. While the scholars who agreed with Jones, like Colebrooke and Wilkins and Prinsep, had been slow in producing results, other more superficial and often prejudiced interpreters, and not only missionaries and evangelicals, had been quick and prolific in publication.

Selective Use of Evidence

Mill chose to rely, for example, on the evidence of Robert Orme, whose accounts of India were written early and not intended for publication; on Buchanan, who had tried and failed to learn Sanskrit and was prejudiced against Indians; on Tennant, a most superficial observer; and on Tytler, who was very young and had seen Indian society through the refractive medium of the criminal law courts. Once committed to this view that Indian society was barbarous, Mill was highly selective in his use of evidence. The testimony of Dubois the missionary, of Tytler and others, is cited when hostile to the Hindus, ignored when it is favourable; and the massive evidence on the character of Indians, collected in the parliamentary investigation of 1813, on the whole favourable to them, went unnoticed. In his preface, Mill had gone to great pains and shown great ingenuity in defending himself against the criticism that he had never been to India and knew nothing of its languages—arguments nowadays that will convince no one. If he had visited the country he would probably have gained just that experience through which to distinguish clearly between reliable and unreliable witnesses. As it was, he could not judge that evidence which lay beyond his experience, and he commonly attached the greatest weight to the writers who are least entitled to confidence. In this manner he constructed a damning indictment of Indian society and then went on to prescribe a revolutionary cure to be achieved through the application of government and law on utilitarian principles.

Mill's *History*, once published, held the field unchallenged for twenty-five years, being reprinted in 1820, 1826, and 1840. Then a modest competitor appeared, in Mountstuart Elphinstone's *History of Hindu and Muhammadan India*, taking a more favourable view of Indian society; but it covered only part of the subject, and was much less impressive, more cautious in approach and manner, much less exciting to read, and, in any event, soon afterwards, in 1848, Hayman Wilson, the leading Orientalist of the day, produced another edition of Mill, with elaborate footnotes and an extension of the story from 1805 to 1834, that is, down to the day when the Company became wholly a political body. Mill was thus given a new lease of life, so that his *History* in effect over the whole middle range of the nineteenth century provided the main basis for British thought on the character of Indian civilisation and on the way to govern Indians. What, then, was the place of Elphinstone and Hayman Wilson?

Three Schools of Thought

In this first phase of empire we have seen three schools of thought competing to control the attitude and policy of Britain towards India. First, those like Hastings and Jones, joined later by Elphinstone, Munro, and Malcolm, who not only knew India and something of its languages and peoples but also showed a romantic, sympathetic understanding of their problems. Indians, they agreed, would have to undergo change, but slowly, with deference to their own institutions and not on speculative principles. Secondly, the evangelicals like Shore and Grant, both backed by and backing the missionaries. And, thirdly, the rationalists represented by Mill; the last two groups finding much in common in their condemnation of Hinduism and, to a lesser extent, Mohammedanism. The evangelicals sought to change India through education; the rationalists put their emphasis on government and law. The happiness, not the liberty, of Indians was the end in view. Mill had produced in his history a justification for the policy of the rationalists; Grant had written his *Observations*; now Elphinstone tried to redress the balance by writing and encouraging others to write histories worthy of the romantic school.

As administrator and scholar, Elphinstone gave his life to India. Sent out as a boy of sixteen, and naturally wild and gay, he had every inducement, like the notorious William Hickey, to become a rake. But, deliberately taking himself in hand, he sublimated this wildness in field sports, and consciously sought to become a scholar-administrator. The range of his reading, to judge by his diary alone, was vast; in the first months of 1805—when he was twenty-six, and resident at Nagpur in

the thick of the Maratha struggles—he mentions the *Iliad*, which he had just finished, the *Electra* of Sophocles; *Philoctetes*; he was fagging away at Greek, reading *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *Alcestis*, diverging to Tyrtæus and some of the elegiac poets. Then he applied himself to a course of Greek history, beginning with Thucydides, Xenophon, and the orations of Demosthenes. There is mention casually of Cobbett, Petrarch, and Walter Scott's newly published *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and novels innumerable.

He sustained this manner of life until, in 1827, at the age of forty-eight, he chose to retire from the Bombay governorship. He refused all honours and all further employment, whether the governor-generalship of India, the under-secretaryship of the Board of Control, or an important mission to Canada. He was still bent on becoming the complete scholar, and took up his Greek again. All along Elphinstone had been deeply interested in history. Thucydides was his bedside companion. He had inspired others of his own way of thinking to write history. In 1816, given the time, he would have started on a history of the Maratha peoples of western India; instead he stimulated his assistant at Poona, Captain Grant Duff, into doing it, handing over to him the Peshwa's state papers and correspondence, and in 1825 Grant Duff's two-volume work *A History of the Marathas* appeared. It is a straightforward, sympathetic account, invaluable in that it is based on material that has long since disappeared; a classic account though never, in fact, much read. The first publisher he went to told him he would publish if the title were altered. 'I said, "it is the history of the Marathas and only of the Marathas!"'

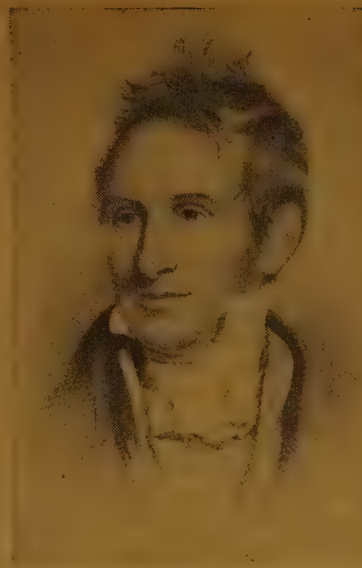
'Who knows anything about the Marathas?'

'That's the reason the book has been written—no one does.'

'Well, and who cares to know? If you call it the *Downfall of the Moguls and the Rise of the English*, or something of that kind, it may do, but *A History of the Marathas*—that will never sell'.

So Grant Duff took his manuscript to another publisher and had it published at his own expense. Also among Elphinstone's disciples were William Erskine, one of his Bombay officials, who completed a translation of the *Memoirs of Babur*, the first Mogul Emperor, and Captain James Tod, who between 1812 and 1823 collected into three rich volumes *The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, this being the first serious attempt to investigate the beliefs of the Indian peasantry, trying to do for them what the Sanskritist was doing for the Brahmins. Walter Scott particularly expressed delight in Tod's *Rajasthan*, and in the early writings of Elphinstone and of his colleague, John Malcolm, appreciating perhaps not only 'the shepherd state' of the societies they described but also their interpretation of them.

All along, Elphinstone had been uneasy about Mill's *History of India*, uneasy because it was in his view masterly, yet misguided, setting out to revolutionise India on abstract principles, the converse of his own empirical methods in attempting to reorganise the defeated Maratha peoples. With characteristic under-emphasis, after reading it when it first appeared, he said: 'The ingenious, original, and elaborate work of Mr. Mill left some room for doubt and discussion'. Moreover—and here he really begins to knock the props away—'the excellence of histories derived from European researches alone does



Mountstuart Elphinstone (1779-1859),
'administrator and scholar'

not entirely set aside the utility of similar enquiries conducted under the guidance of impressions received in India; which, as they arise from a separate source, may sometimes lead to different conclusions'. In retirement he became increasingly critical of Mill—'the offensive thing . . . is the cynical, sarcastic tone', he was uncandid 'in the native part' (that is, the Hindu and Mohammedan part); 'as the disciple of a school of philosophy advancing new opinions, Mill was obliged to resort to argument to establish his principles and destroy those offered to him'.

Elphinstone had sent for and eagerly read Bentham's writings but he had concluded that human experience was too vast and rich to be comprehended by Benthamism. He once told Malcolm, his friend

and successor in Bombay: 'You will not know what difficulty is until you come . . . to reconcile Maratha custom with Jeremy Bentham'. But Elphinstone was above all a modest man: he had seen the need to combat Mill and did not feel equal to it, or to the subject. To his friend, William Erskine, he confided that 'to write India's early and medieval history would require great knowledge, and a very philosophical and reflecting mind. If suitably executed it would be a most important work'. The subject of India, he said, might be unimportant to European readers and 'it must [therefore] be made up by connecting it with the general history of the species: and this requires a thorough knowledge of the principles of human action. The style also must be condensed and animated, and the reflections striking and profound'.

Encouraged by Erskine and others, and driven by a sense of duty, he forced himself to begin in June 1834, concentrating on the Hindu and Mohammedan histories. But in 1836 he again lost confidence and put the manuscript away—'The whole seems commonplace and what . . .

might easily be produced by any ordinary workman'. But, prodded again by his friends, he went back to it and in 1841 this part of the book was published. He then turned to the British conquest, which, he said, had already been 'well digested by Mill' and therefore needed only 'an agreeable form, which requires imagination and eloquence'. But he had already confessed that in the matter of style he did not feel equal even to Mill, and in truth he found writing difficult.

At this point he happened to read in *The Edinburgh Review* Macaulay's essay on Clive, which took the form of a review of Malcolm's *Life of Clive*. Macaulay begins by wondering why English readers are not interested in the conquest of India. 'This subject is, to most readers', he says, 'not only insipid, but positively distasteful. Perhaps the fault lies partly with the historians'. And now that he himself had been to India, we note that he has modified his view of Mill—'Mr. Mill's book, though it has undoubtedly great and rare merit, is not sufficiently animated and picturesque to attract those who read for amusement'. In his essays on Clive and Hastings, Macaulay had therefore deliberately set out to make good this deficiency. For Elphinstone this was the end: he already felt inferior to Mill, and now unable to compete with Macaulay's fireworks. His *History of British Power in the East*, which had got as far as Hastings' governor-generalship, was therefore put aside, never to be finished.

On British India, then, he had failed to replace Mill, and this failure was signalled by the appearance of Hayman Wilson's edition of Mill. Although Wilson, who was a Sanskritist, differed radically from Mill's interpretation of Hindu civilisation (and indeed exposed it), he yet chose to do this in the form of footnotes, leaving Mill's text as it stood. It is incredible that he should not have chosen to write a new history altogether, but possibly his training as a Sanskritist, which had accustomed him to the method of interpreting a



Sir William Wilson Hunter (1840-1900), 'one of the most famous of Indian civilians'

text in this way, had something to do with his choice. On British problems in governing India, then, Mill and Wilson remained the standard work; and new editions appeared in 1848 and again at the time of the Mutiny and on the assumption of Indian government by the Crown.

On the Hindu and Mohammedan parts Elphinstone was a competitor but not, I think, a powerful competitor. It is true that his account was informed by personal observation and based on chronicles provided by his friend, Erskine, and that in the year of its publication it came into use at Haileybury College, where the East India Civil Service cadets were trained. But Elphinstone was too diffident, too cautious; his criticism of Mill was implied, never open, his attack always oblique. So, to Mill's sweeping judgements on the Hindus he offers:

Ten different civilised nations are found within India . . . Our writers confound the distinctions of time and place; they combine in one character the Maratha and the Bengali . . . Those who have known the Indians longest have always the best opinion of them . . . It is more to the point that all persons who have retired from India think better of the people they have left after comparing them with others even of the most justly admired nations. These considerations should make us distrust our own impressions, when unfavourable, but cannot blind us to the fact that the Hindus have in reality some great defects of character.

This is typical of his matter and method. His work is so scrupulous that it lacks the intensity of spirit and the animation of personality which alone can transform historical composition into historical literature. He had set out to make as short a history as Mill, 'more full in facts and free from disputes and dissertations'. But with Mill holding the field and saying what he had said, and in the way he had said it, the hour called for 'disputes and dissertations'.

The Mutiny and Racial Bitterness

But in 1857 the Mutiny occurred, accompanied by acute racial bitterness, and culminating in what was termed 'the British re-conquest of India'. These events tended to reinforce the lines of thought on Indian civilisation drawn by Mill rather than those suggested by Elphinstone. Writing in 1844, Hayman Wilson had asserted that Mill's *History* was exercising a deep formative influence on British policy and practice in India. Wilson himself had served in Bengal for a quarter of a century, and after his return acted for many years as oral examiner of the Indian Civil Service cadets at Haileybury College, so we may give emphasis in his statement that:

In the effects which Mill's *History* is likely to exercise upon the connection between the people of England and the people of India . . . its tendency is evil: it is calculated to destroy all sympathy between the ruler and the ruled; to preoccupy the minds of those who issue annually from Great Britain to monopolise the posts of honour and power in Hindustan, with an unfounded aversion towards those over whom they exercise that power . . . There is reason to fear that these consequences are not imaginary, and that a harsh and illiberal spirit has of late years prevailed in the conduct and councils of the rising service in India which owes its origin to impressions imbibed in early life from the *History* of Mr. Mill.

Wilson may well have had in mind the ill effects of over-centralisation under the Charter Act of 1833, the severity of land revenue policy under Holt Mackenzie, or under Pringle in the Bombay Deccan on principles laid down by Mill, or the land settlement of Bird and Thomason in the North-West Provinces, described as 'a fearful experiment . . . calculated so as to flatten the whole surface of society', which no doubt was partly responsible for the Mutiny. In 1844, too, the Government declared that candidates qualified by a knowledge of English would be given preference in the public service, and other measures removed the traditional protection given to Indian religious ceremonies. The Company's administration was becoming heavy-handed and its domestic policy forcible.

Mill's *History* was an established textbook at Haileybury College, where, from 1809-1855, the Company's Civil Service cadets were trained, and where a succession of eminent utilitarians or close sympathisers held senior teaching posts: Malthus, Empson, James Mackintosh, and later the celebrated Sir James Stephen. Holt Mackenzie, Pringle, and Thomason went to Haileybury, and also Henry Elliot, the very first 'competition wallah', who did more than anyone else to perpetuate the Mill tradition in writing on Indian history. Elliot, (who rose to be chief secretary in the Government of India's Foreign Department) learnt Persian and devoted all his spare time to collecting the chronicles of the Indian Moslem annalists of the Moslem and Mogul

empires of the eleventh to seventeenth centuries, which he duly catalogued and classified: with the help of John Dowson (formerly a tutor at Haileybury and later Professor of Hindustani at University College London) and others, selections from these chronicles were translated and published between 1867 and 1877 in eight large volumes. Since then, the story of Mohammedan rule in India has been largely written from them: including Sir Wolsley Haig's important third and (in part) fourth volumes of *The Cambridge History of India*, published in 1928 and 1937, and still accepted as the standard British work. Elliot poured as great scorn on Mohammedan civilisation in India as Mill had done on the Hindu; in the process pushing into the background the more sober, more sympathetic, and objective interpretation of Elphinstone.

'Happiness . . . More Important than Self-Government'

Not that Elliot wrote a formal history, but if he had, I think we can tell from his preface and selection of material what line it would have taken. He strikes a note which was to be caught by John Strachey in the field of administration, by Fitzjames Stephen in law and political thought, by Kipling in literature, by Sir John Seeley in history, and by Curzon in government. They were all agreed that the happiness of the governed which might be ensured by strong executive government and the rule of law was more important than self-government; their influence overbore Macaulay's and John Stuart Mill's attempts to liberalise the utilitarian views of James Mill and also Ripon's experiment in training Indians for self-government.

The British administration had moved into a phase of imperial dogmatism and complacency about its achievement in India. Sir William Wilson Hunter, one of the most famous of Indian civilians, who in the eighteen-eighties organised the great *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, including a volume on history, and followed it up with a *History of British India*, put this question to a friend: 'Can we ever conciliate India?' This was the vital question to which the ablest administrators deliberately answered 'No' in the India of the Company. It remains the vital question to which we deliberately answer 'Yes' in the India of the Queen. As a matter of fact, he concludes triumphantly: 'The task of conciliation has been accomplished'. This was in 1891, on the eve of the *swaraj*, or freedom movement. Others, less eminent, answered differently. There was Digby, whose study, called *Prosperous British India*, asserting that Britain was unfairly exploiting India, draining her of wealth, set off a controversy that is not yet closed.

There were, too, Octavian Hume, Wedderburn, and Cotton, who chose to put their emphasis rather on the British need to satisfy the new Indian middle class. With the growth of this class, preoccupied with politics, a new audience with a passionate and vested interest in Indian history had appeared; an audience which exaggerated India's ancient glories and present miseries, in demanding a more sympathetic interpretation of their own history. In an attempt to meet them, new editions of Elphinstone's work were brought out in 1905 and 1911, the preface stating that they were intended for Indian university students.

But by this time the researches of innumerable persons, members of the Asiatic societies, Sanskritists, Persian scholars, nor least the contribution of the archaeologists and numismatists, had rendered Elphinstone's work hopelessly out of date, and had carried the range of Indian historical studies beyond the reach of any one man; but the evident need for textbook summaries persuaded Vincent Smith, who retired from the Indian Civil Service in 1900 and was teaching Indian History at Dublin, to write, in 1904, the first general and authoritative history of early India, and seven years later to put together in one volume his own researches on early India with those of Elliot and Elphinstone and others on Moslem India, and those of Mill, Wilson, Hunter, and others on the British period.

A Century to Produce an Adequate Textbook

It had, in fact, taken a century of British paramountcy to produce an adequate textbook on the history of India. Smith wrote at the close of the Curzon era and at the start of the transition to Indian self-government, and his work forms an important bridge in our story. In his desire to write on the early and medieval history of India, and in his sympathetic treatment of Indian civilisation, he links up with Elphinstone; but some of his fundamental assumptions reflect his Indian service. When describing the disturbed condition of India in the seventh century, after the death of the emperor Harsha, he cannot help commenting that from this description the reader will gain 'a

notion of what India always has been when released from the control of a superior authority, and what she would be again if the hands of the benevolent despotism, which now holds her in its iron grasp, should be withdrawn'. In his outline history, 'which', he says, 'was designed to preserve due proportion throughout', he can find no more suitable place at which to bring to an end a story of over 2,000 years than 'the memorable visit of Their Imperial Majesties to India at the close of 1911'.

It was almost impossible to write in such a way as to satisfy both the Indian nationalists and the Indian Civil Service. Each side claimed that it, and it alone, represented the masses, and in this conflict, and in a genuine doubt on British ways and purposes in India, much of the zest, the frankness, and interest passes out of British historical writing on India. When, as in the nineteenth century, no one thought of any public but a British one, criticism was lively and positive judgement was passed without regard to political exigencies. In the twentieth century most of those who have written have been haunted by the question: 'Will what I say in this difficult period of transition make for easier and quieter government?' This awareness of an eavesdropping Indian public has exercised a constant, silent censorship, seeming to make some writers, like the late Professor Dodwell, for example, appear unsympathetic to Indian political aspirations, and others, like Edward Thompson, merely sentimental about them.

But for the greater part, this silent censorship has had the effect of reinforcing those trends in British historical writing on India which were created by Mill and Elliot, in a word, to focus attention on what the British were doing in India, in government, law, and administration and to forget what was happening to Indian society, and nowhere is this more clearly to be seen than in the *Cambridge History of India*, the standard and by far the most solid work of British historical scholarship on India, five volumes of which were published between 1922 and 1937. This co-operative history bears the mark of the period in which it was written and the legacy of this dominant tradition of which I have been speaking.

The two volumes on the Mohammedan empires, edited and substantially written by Sir Wolseley Haig, are built on Elliot's researches, representing a chronicle of chronicles and a chronicle of emperors. Government and the army are prominently displayed, but society, whether Moslem or Hindu, is conspicuous by its absence. The general tone is cool and occasionally contemptuous. The two volumes on India under the British give overwhelming attention to problems political and diplomatic, and especially in the last volume, to questions of British central and district administration; no doubt valuable in themselves, but throwing the work as a whole sadly out of balance. The social and economic development of the country, and the evolution of the Indian peoples, is treated as secondary; and, for instance, Bankim Chandra Chatterji, the Mazzini of Hindu nationalism, is not even mentioned. In these volumes the tradition of Elliot, Mill, and Fitzjames Stephen is manifest. But volume one, on ancient India, edited by Rapson the Sanskritist, stands apart. Unlike the other volumes, which were largely written by professional historians and members of the Indian Civil Service, it was written by Orientalists. Perhaps because of this, it evokes the spirit of William Jones and Elphinstone, describing sympathetically a whole civilisation, equally as concerned with society as with government. Unlike the other volumes, it withstands the impact of the Act of Independence of 1947.

One of Elphinstone's assistants in Bombay tells the story that one day, on seeing in Elphinstone's tent a pile of newly printed textbooks in Marathi, he asked what they were for, and Elphinstone replied, 'To educate the natives, but it is our highroad back to Europe'.

The completion of this highroad in 1947 opened a new phase in the relations between Britain and India and Pakistan. With it British historians, perhaps more fully aware than ever before of the course and nature of British historical writing on the peoples of these countries, are given the opportunity of interpreting afresh the history of the peoples of India and Pakistan, and maybe of those other peoples of Asia who are also just emerging from the era of European dominance.

—Third Programme

Who Were the Etruscans?

By SIR GAVIN DE BEER

AT the dawn of history in Europe, and on the very doorstep of Rome, there is a puzzle that has intrigued men for over 2,000 years. It is the problem of the Etruscans, that strange people who flourished from the tenth century B.C. until the third, when they were finally conquered by the Romans. In their heyday they could rightly claim to have the highest standard of civilisation in the whole of Italy. Their art and architecture were extraordinary, and extraordinarily modern by current taste. When I went to the Louvre the other day to see the new ceiling that Braque has painted for one of the rooms, immediately beneath it was the terracotta sarcophagus from Cerveteri with the charming couple on it, and they fitted perfectly. The Etruscans were so different from their neighbours that the question naturally arises: Who were the Etruscans and where did they come from? It may seem remote to us, and yet it affects us closely, for the following reason. We regard the Romans as our civilisers, and we look up to them as the inventors of all sorts of things they taught us. But it is now clear that,

in their turn, the Romans learned many of these things from the Etruscans.

It was the Etruscans who invented the arch and the vault. They were also responsible for building drains and for the rectangular layout of town planning. A number of objects and customs that have long been thought of as Roman are really Etruscan, such as so-called Roman numerals, which should be called Etruscan numerals; the fasces and

the two-bladed axe as emblems of authority, the eagles as standards for the army, the purple toga, the ivory stool, public triumphs, games, and gladiatorial fights—all these were Etruscan before they became Roman. One Etruscan custom is still with us, and it marks a stage in civilisation of the greatest importance. It is the custom of giving everybody a first name and a family name. The classical Greek just had one name, Socrates or Aristotle as it might be; other peoples have added to a man's name the name of his father, as in semitic or slavonic countries. But the Etruscans called a man, for instance, Aule Fapi, the Romans adopted the system



Etruscan sarcophagus (terracotta), with reclining man and woman: from a tomb at Cerveteri—now in the Louvre

and called him Aulus Fabius, and nowadays we call him John Smith.

Three theories have been put forward to account for the origin of the Etruscans. The first, which is found in Herodotus and was therefore current in the fifth century B.C., states that the Etruscans came from Lydia in Asia Minor, and that they emigrated because of a famine, and came by sea to the west coast of Italy where they established themselves in regions previously occupied by the Umbrians. Their leader was Tyrrhenos whose name persists today in that of the Tyrrhenian Sea which bathes the shores of Etruria or Tuscany.

The Language Test

Four centuries after Herodotus, Dionysus of Halicarnassus rejected the oriental theory of Etruscan origin because in his day he could not find any similarities in language or customs between the inhabitants of Etruria and Lydia; and he therefore put forward the view that the Etruscans were the original inhabitants. It may be remarked that during the 400 years that had elapsed between the dates of Herodotus and Dionysus, there had been plenty of time for changes to take place in the language and customs of the inhabitants of Etruria and Lydia, and it would not be surprising if the resemblances between them in language and custom had disappeared. It should also be noticed that Dionysus was writing propaganda to convince the Greeks that their Roman conquerors had had the same origin as themselves, and therefore there were special reasons for rejecting the Asiatic origin theory for the Etruscans, whose descendants still formed a considerable part of the population of Italy. Altogether, the opinion of Herodotus may be preferred to that of Dionysus as he was so much nearer to the events he was describing, but the theory of the local origin of the Etruscans is viewed with favour even today in Italy, where it is ably defended by Professor Pallottino. On this view the eastern character of the Etruscan civilisation is ascribed to commercial and cultural interchange.

The third theory need not detain us long. It supposed that the Etruscans came down into Italy overland from the north across the Alps, and is based on supposed resemblances reported by Livy between the Etruscans and the inhabitants of Rhaetia. Such resemblances are due, however, to the dispersal of some Etruscan populations in flight before the Gaulish invaders, and they supply no evidence of the origin of the Etruscans.

One of the most useful methods of determining the affinities of a people is by studying their language. In the case of the Etruscans, however, this cock won't fight because although Etruscan inscriptions can be read (that is to say the letters can be spelled out), with the exception of some epitaph formulae which have been deciphered to mean things like 'here lies John Smith the son of James and Mary', nobody can make any sense out of them, for the language is totally different from any other so far known. In particular, this means that the Etruscan language was not Indo-European, and that the Etruscans were not related to either the Greeks or the Romans.

Those who hold that the Etruscans were indigenous are obliged to suppose that an isolated relic of the ancient pre-Indo-European population of Italy survived, with their language, and passed through the stages of culture known as Apenninic Bronze Age and Villanovian Iron Age, to give rise to the characteristic Etruscan civilisation which is known as 'oriental' because of the extremely numerous eastern elements it contained. This alleged unbroken succession of cultural stages, which the so-called autochthonous theory requires, fails to explain why the Etruscans were so good at sea, and why they suddenly started building their astonishing tombs. It is unacceptable to those who hold the oriental theory and see only discontinuity between the stages.

Two Theories Not Mutually Exclusive

In the view of those who adhere to the theory of oriental origin, cultural interchange is insufficient. They require an actual migration of people to explain such striking novelties as the appearance of the characteristic funeral customs and furniture and the tomb structure of the Etruscans. It may be noticed, however, that unless the land of Etruria was uninhabited when the Etruscans came, or unless the Etruscans exterminated the local inhabitants, for neither of which supposition is there any evidence, the theories of oriental and of local origin are not mutually exclusive. It need not be supposed that the entire Etruscan nation came from the East, but only a small proportion who, by their superior level of civilisation, would then have been able to organise the more backward native population into a nation. As we shall see, there is much to be said for this combined view.

Having outlined the three theories, each of which is based on the view of an ancient historian, we may now turn to the archaeological evidence bearing on the theory that the Etruscans came from Asia Minor. The Etruscans went in a great deal for bas-reliefs and they are of exactly the same character as those found in Anatolia. Even in such matters of detail as the typical Anatolian half-wellington boot with its pointed, up-turned toe, the similarities are extraordinary. To the east of Kastamuni and near Samsun on the shores of the Black Sea, Turkish archaeologists have found a number of vaulted tombs with frescoes astonishingly like those of the Etruscans. Although too late to be directly ancestral to the Etruscans, the builders of the Kastamuni tombs must have been the descendants of those Etruscans who did not emigrate but stayed at home. Sir Leonard Woolley believes that the original home of the Etruscans was in this region, and he thinks it not impossible that the key to the Etruscan language may be found there in bilingual inscriptions, probably cuneiform.

The distinguished French archaeologist M. Piganiol has pointed out numerous striking resemblances between the works of the Etruscans and the Chalybes, the early inhabitants of Armenia who discovered how to smelt iron. The shape of the Etruscan boats resembled that of the boats of Trebizond.

As regards social customs, the Etruscans were remarkable among the peoples of Italy because of the position they accorded to women. Not only did they mention their mother's name in their genealogies, but they admitted women to banquets on an equal footing with men. It is curious therefore to find that this latter custom and matriarchy were both practised in parts of Asia Minor.

Divination and Augury

The Etruscans were famous experts in the arts of divination and augury, which they practised by watching the fall of thunderbolts, the flight of birds, and by observing the structure of the liver of sacrificed animals; practices which the Hittites and Hurri went in for strongly, using the same techniques.

The Etruscan names like Tarchna, Tarquinia, are quite different from anything found in the Italic languages, but they are common in Asia Minor, where Tarchon was the son of the founder of Pergamum, Tarkuaris was the father of Teucer, and Tarkondemos was a prince of Cilicia. All these names contain that of the storm god of Asia Minor, Tarkhun. As for the Etruscan language, its curious genitive case inflection ending in '-al' is also found in Asia Minor, while inscriptions of the seventh century B.C. in a language undoubtedly similar to Etruscan have been found in the island of Lemnos, on the way, as it were, between Asia Minor and Italy.

The theory of the oriental origin of the Etruscans clearly rests on strong archaeological evidence, and it will be for the historians to come to some sort of agreement on the date when they think that the Etruscan emigration or emigrations took place, and whether one of these may be equated with the raids carried out in the Mediterranean by the people called Tursha, mentioned in inscriptions of Ramses III as having attacked Egypt in the thirteenth and twelfth centuries.

In all the argument that has taken place for or against one or the other of the theories of the origin of the Etruscans, it is curious that no attempt seems to have been made to enlist the help of natural science. When studying human races, one of the first things to look for is their skulls. Etruscan skulls and skeletons are rare, for they are apt to disintegrate as soon as the tombs are opened. Nevertheless, a number of Etruscan skulls have been preserved and described by the distinguished Italian anthropologist Giuseppe Sergi. He found that they conformed to one or other of two types, representing on the one hand a colony with affinities with the eastern Mediterranean, and on the other a local population. Since Sergi's work, the material available for comparison has been enriched by finds at Alishar Huyuk in Cappadocia, and in Cyprus. Using these new data Carleton Stevens Coon has come to conclusions that are worth quoting:

The cranial evidence from Etruscan tombs substantiates the belief that these non-Indo-European, non-Semitic speakers were typical examples of the earlier Bronze Age population of the eastern Mediterranean. . . . The Etruscans, with a typically near Eastern cranial form, resemble both the Cappadocian type found in the Hittite period at Alishar, and others which appeared in the Bronze Age cemeteries of Cyprus.

Physical anthropology is therefore definitely in favour of the theory of the oriental origin of the Etruscans. It is, however, not the only shot in the scientists' locker that can be brought to bear on the problem, for the study of the blood-groups in man can be of great value in anthrop-

ology. It is now well known that men belong to one or other of four blood-groups known as O, A, B, and AB, characterised respectively by the absence or presence of one or the other, or both, of two substances which agglutinate the red corpuscles. What is more, the proportions in which these groups are found in a population are constant for each race. The inhabitants of western Europe in general show a distribution of approximately 46 per cent. O; 42 per cent. A; 9 per cent. B; 3 per cent. AB. Among the Basques, on the other hand, group A represents only 20 per cent. of the population, and group B less than 3 per cent. Among the Bushmen there is no group A at all, and group B forms 17 per cent. of the population. These examples show how striking the differences between races may be.

The various groups are controlled by Mendelian genes which are distributed in a population marrying within itself until they reach equilibrium values. These values are no doubt altered by natural selection, but there is reason to believe that they remain constant for considerable periods of time. This can be shown as follows: The population of Hungary consists of Magyars, Germans, and gipsies. The percentage group-distribution of the Magyars is different from that of west Europeans. The Germans in Hungary, on the other hand, show the same distribution as the Germans in Germany, whence they came some four or five centuries ago. The gipsies show an even greater difference with a very high value of group B, which is paralleled in north-west India whence the gipsies are considered to have come more than 1,000 years ago. It is clear, therefore, that the pattern of the percentages of the blood-groups in populations may remain constant for prolonged periods, and we may turn our attention to the possibilities of applying these studies to the origin of the Etruscans.

Since the inhabitants of Tuscany have not been subject to migration or mass deportation since the start of historic times, it may be supposed that they are descended from the Etruscans and have inherited their genes. In the maps published by Dr. A. E. Mourant in his book *The Distribution of the Human Blood-groups**, showing the geographical distribution of blood-groups of varying percentages in Europe, I was struck by the fact that plumb in the middle of Italy there is a zone where group A is roughly 20 per cent. more numerous than in the neighbouring regions. This may in itself perhaps not be very important, because there are other regions of Europe where group A is more numerous than in surrounding regions. It is also true that the boundaries of the zone in Italy with excess of group A are not sharply defined, and may not coincide closely with those of the descendants of the Etruscans. It is, however, worth noticing that the value of the percentage of group A in this zone is the same as that of the Armenians whose home is Asia Minor. On looking at Dr. Mourant's map of the distribution of group B, I was even more struck by the fact that a zone, included within the group A zone, shows a percentage of group B averaging up to twice as high as that found in the rest of Italy and similar to that found in Anatolia.

As we have seen in the case of the Hindus, gipsies, and Magyars, a high percentage of group B is indicative of an oriental origin, for the

original centre of dissemination of the gene controlling group B must have been in the East. A high value for B in the region inhabited by the Etruscans is therefore in itself an indication that there was a migration of people thither from the east, covering a considerable distance in a short time, as they could if they had come by sea, and therefore travelling faster than the gene would have spread if brought by a population migrating overland.

It is true that other people besides Etruscans have taken the road to Italy, particularly when Rome became the centre of the known world, and it might be objected that these later immigrants were responsible for the anomalies in the Italian blood-groups. To this it may be replied that as these immigrants came from everywhere in the Roman Empire, Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Greece, no less than from the eastern Mediterranean, it is impossible to gauge what effect their arrival would have had on the blood-groups. Furthermore, Rome was not the only centre in Italy to which they came, and the effects of their presence would be

expected to show in other regions of Italy. Etruria itself was not a region that especially attracted them. It is probably justifiable therefore to regard the evidence from the blood-groups as supporting that supplied by physical anthropology to the effect that the Etruscans came from Asia Minor.

I have no time, nor is this the place, to follow up some of the implications of the origin of the Etruscans from Asia Minor. I will only say that we must read Virgil's *Aeneid* again, for in that poem he described the origin of the Roman people as due to the coming of Aeneas and his friends by sea from Troy, that is to say from Asia Minor.

We are certain that the Latins were Indo-Europeans who came down into Italy from Europe. And we now see that the Etruscans must have come by sea from Asia Minor. I therefore think that in the *Aeneid* we have a legend based on the true origin of the Etruscans, furnished and embellished to suit the requirements of imperial propaganda. For as the Roman emperor had then been made a god, it was convenient to be able to claim that the Roman people were descended from a goddess: Venus, mother of Aeneas. If this is correct, then before the Romans appropriated the legend of Aeneas and palmed it off as their own, it must have been an Etruscan legend, and this seems to be proved by the discovery in the Etruscan city of Veii of statuettes of Aeneas dating from long before the time when the city was captured by the Romans.

Here I am afraid that I have strayed away from natural science. As I tried to show recently in the case of the problem of Hannibal's pass, natural science can be invited to help in the solution of archaeological and historical problems. I think that this is a field that might be expanded.—*Third Programme*

Professor Roger Armfelt

We record with regret the death on Saturday, December 3, of Mr. Roger Noel Armfelt, Professor of Education in Leeds University. In 1941 Mr. Armfelt was appointed assistant controller in the Home Division of the B.B.C. and four years later became secretary of the School Broadcasting Council and educational adviser to the B.B.C.



The necropolis of Cerveteri: a view showing two of the great tumuli

* Blackwell, 1954. 42s.

Zola the Poet

By ROBERT BALDICK

ON an untidy lawn in the village of Médan, three-quarters of a century ago, five young men were chatting together and waiting for their host to appear. They formed an interesting study in contrasts. Guy de Maupassant, a strapping figure with blonde moustaches and a striped jersey, had obviously rowed down the Seine from Paris, while neatly dressed Léon Hennique and monocled Henry Céard had just as obviously taken the train. And the gay, swarthy southerner, Paul Alexis, seemed oddly paired with the sardonic, chain-smoking northerner, Joris-Karl Huysmans. Yet these five ill-assorted men were soon to join in publishing a book of short stories under the aegis of their friend and host, Emile Zola, and were to win immediate notoriety as 'soul-destroyers', 'Zola's tail', and 'four-footed realists'.

The Médan Group

The book, *Les Soirées de Médan*, appeared in 1880. By 1890 the Médan group had largely broken up; and before the century was out death had begun picking off the scattered members like a patient sharpshooter. Maupassant was the first to go, followed by Alexis, Zola's only really faithful disciple, and then by the Master of Médan himself. Huysmans did not live to see the first world war, but Céard lingered on into the 'twenties, and Hennique into the 'thirties. They suffered the unhappy experience of seeing their work, and that of the other Médan writers, disappear into a critical limbo from which it has only lately emerged. For in recent years, readers and writers in this country no less than in France have begun to pay new attention to the products of the Médan Group. Hennique and Alexis appear to be irrecoverable, but Maupassant, Huysmans, and to a lesser extent Céard have been revived and reappraised. And now Zola has reaped his full share of this posthumous glory.

In this country, we have had Dr. F. W. J. Hemmings' excellent critical study* of Zola's work, and in France, after a spate of new theses and editions, M. Armand Lanoux's exuberant biography, of which an abridged translation† has recently appeared in English. To obtain a comprehensive picture of Zola and his work, the reader cannot do better than consult these two studies, for the critic and the biographer have very properly kept as far as possible within their respective spheres, and their books are complementary. M. Lanoux, a novelist like his subject, has done his best to make his book read like a biographical novel, but it is none the less built on a solid basis of research, and even his imaginary conversations with Zola, which have been hotly discussed in France, are taken largely from Zola's works and correspondence. The English translation and abridgement are unfortunately less satisfactory. Apart from errors of translation, it is distressing to find the spirit of prudery triumphing once more, watering down Flaubert's verbal explosions, and omitting every reference to an important incident in Zola's early sexual life. But even with its faults this English version of M. Lanoux's biography is welcome.

Schooldays with Cézanne

Zola's life does not, of course, provide the biographer with very attractive or exciting material, except towards the beginning and the end. He can show Zola exploring the Provençal countryside as a schoolboy with Cézanne, or roasting sparrows in a bare Parisian garret, or giving his jacket to his mistress to pawn and retiring to bed, dressed in sheets and blankets, to 'play the Arab'. But after the successful fight for recognition as a journalist and novelist, Zola's life became for many years virtually indistinguishable from that of any other prosperous nineteenth-century bourgeois. He led a respectable married life, kept pets, cultivated roses, and amassed a hideous collection of spurious antiques. And if he lived like a bourgeois, he worked like a bureaucrat. At ten o'clock every morning he would go into his study at Médan, sit down at his huge oak writing-table, look for encouragement at the fireplace, which bore in gold letters the motto *Nulla dies sine linea*, and start writing. At one o'clock he got up and went to lunch,

leaving behind him four newly inscribed sheets of quarto paper. The day's work was over: output had been maintained.

Some of Zola's writing friends were appalled by his approach to literature, which they condemned as industrial or bureaucratic. Zola himself preferred to call it scientific, especially after Céard had introduced him to the writings of Claude Bernard. Literature, he maintained, was going the same way as medicine, which from being an art had become a science. In novel-writing there was no need, and indeed no place, for imagination or inspiration, except perhaps in the choice of a subject; and the novel itself should be no more than 'a record of particulars . . . notes taken on life and classified logically'. Zola was fond of explaining in detail his own methods of classification; he showed how his characters were born in a card-index with certain hereditary traits and were conditioned by a given environment described in his notebooks; he implied that any writer working regular hours and following the Zola formulas could write naturalistic novels worthy of comparison with his own.

In the same generous spirit one of his biographers, Matthew Josephson, later published an account of Zola's working method in order, he said, that 'any person of moderate energy may emulate the celebrated system, in lieu of taking correspondence courses'. There has certainly been no lack of writers willing and able to 'emulate the celebrated system'. No one, they discovered, was easier to imitate than Zola, and so we have had our *Forsyte Sagas* and our *Grand Hotels*. But we have not had anything since Zola, in French or in English, of the calibre of the *Rougon-Macquart* novels, for the simple reason that Zola left genius and poetry out of the formulas he bequeathed us.

Accurate Observation and Documentation

Those formulas are not, of course, entirely worthless. On heredity, for example, we are less dogmatic today than Zola was, but few would deny the importance of its influence. As for Zola's concepts of the experimental novel and naturalism, once we have subtracted the non-sensical analogies with scientific experiments and political creeds, what we are left with is a praiseworthy insistence on the value of accurate observation and documentation. 'Naturalism', 'experimentation'—these high-sounding words were largely just tactical weapons in Zola's never-ending publicity campaign. 'You have to baptise things', he once told Flaubert, 'to make the public think they are new'. Admittedly Flaubert had been teasing him about his doctrines and he was on the defensive, but even so there can be little doubt that he took his own theoretical writings far less seriously than did his critics.

So much, then, for the 'isms' with which Zola peppered his manifestos and critical works. But what of the fundamental ideas behind the slogans and catchwords? Did Zola practise what he preached to his disciples, and write only sober 'records of particulars', well documented and devoid of inspiration? It is perfectly clear that for the most part he did nothing of the sort, and that most of his precious formulas were discarded in the process of creation. Thus, while the Lucas theories on heredity gave the initial impetus to Zola's great family saga, the influence of heredity on his characters is generally unobtrusive and sometimes not apparent at all. As for his much-vaunted documentation, that was nearly always done after the idea of a novel had been fairly thoroughly worked out; it was often superficial, slapdash, and inaccurate. Uncritical admirers praise Zola for visiting the sites of his novels to gather material, but they forget that while preparing *Germinal* he spent less than a week in a mining town and did not mix with the miners; that for *La Terre* he stayed only five days in the Breance and never talked with the peasants. Things even reached the point where his disciples Huysmans and Céard chided him for remaining at Médan and losing touch with the everyday world.

Yet Zola's betrayal of his declared principles does not really matter to us today. We do not care greatly if the hereditary link between a mother and daughter appears illogical, or if the slang in *L'Assommoir* and the big store in *Au Bonheur des Dames* are anachronistic. This is partly because Zola's errors have become less obvious with the passing

* Emile Zola. Oxford University Press. 30s.

† Zola. Staples Press. 16s.

of the years, but chiefly because we do not turn to Zola for scientific or historical information. If we read his books it is for the poetry they contain, and if Zola lives on today it is not as a scientist, sociologist, or experimental novelist but as a poet.

The fact that he was a poet above all else was recognised in his own time by a few leading writers. Maupassant said that he had 'an inborn tendency to create poems'; Jules Lemaitre, in a brilliant essay on Zola, classed him as an epic poet and compared him with Homer; and Anatole France called him 'the greatest poet of his age'. This last tribute must have sounded sweetly in Zola's ears, because for many years he had envied Victor Hugo his pre-eminent position both as man of letters and as poet. He must have remembered that as a young man he had dreamt of writing a history of the world in Alexandrines, only to be forestalled by Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*; and now he had won his revenge with the *Rougon-Macquart* epic—in prose.

The modern reader may be forgiven for seeing little or nothing poetic in some of the early novels in the series, because here Zola the naturalist novelist has the upper hand over Zola the poet. It is, I think, worthy of note that Zola, to judge by his correspondence, did not enjoy writing these realist novels, while the public, to judge by the sales figures, did not enjoy reading them. On the other hand, both author and public enjoyed the other, superior novels written in poetic vein—the novels which Zola sometimes explicitly described as poems: *Le Ventre de Paris*, 'the poem of the belly'; *Nana*, 'the poem of male desire'; *Au Bonheur des Dames*, 'the poem of modern activity', and so on. And in these novels it is the traditional devices of epic poetry—notably repetition, exaggeration, and amplification—that Zola uses to tell his story.

This story is enacted on three levels, or rather in triple depth. In the foreground are the simple creatures who make up Zola's humanity, engaged for the most part in the fundamental activities of life. In the centre stage we witness the more grandiose spectacle of an entire society cracking and crumbling under the onslaught of powerful forces—social, political, sexual, and elemental—which loom menacingly in the background. Again and again, Zola's nightmarish world is invaded by these death-dealing forces, which assume shape as buildings or machines: the big store overwhelming the little shops; the tenement and the coal-pit devouring humans and animals, and eventually spewing them forth, dead or alive; the still, working away with sinister perseverance at the back of the dram-shop, like an evil monster glistening with poisonous sweat. Or it may be that the destructive force, like a god in the ancient epics, takes possession of a human being; and then we see Nana, an ordinary Second Empire courtesan, represented as the incarnation of sexual attraction and promiscuity, as a golden fly carrying pestilence and death from the dunghill of the slums to the mansions of the rich, as the avenging angel of the poor, who dies just as the civilisation she has helped to destroy enters into its own death-agony.

Jules Lemaitre, impressed by the prevalence of death and decay in Zola's great work, defined it before it was completed as a pessimistic epic. But even by the time he wrote this, signs of growing optimism had begun to appear in the novels. A society might be rushing to its doom, to a mounting accompaniment of orgies, murders, and disasters, but only for a new society to rise in its place. Winter was to be followed by spring; and accordingly Zola's heroes, instead of dancing themselves to death in padded cells, had now taken to walking out of their respective novels into the spring sunshine.

This optimistic tendency was accentuated when, in 1888, Zola fell in love with Jeanne Rozerot, a linen-maid at Médan; and optimism turned to fatuous indulgence after she had borne him two children. At the same time there occurred a marked falling off in the quality of his writing, which gradually lost most of its poetic fire and vigour. But Zola went on covering his statutory four sheets a day, to make up the Three Cities trilogy with its Baedeker descriptions and careless characterisation, and then the unfinished Gospels with their lush Utopian fantasy. What is more, he seemed unconscious that his work was deteriorating, and even honoured the worst of the Gospels, *Fécondité*, with the subtitle 'A poem'. But alas, this was no longer poetry; this was mere sentimental doggerel.

Fortunately for Zola's reputation, as the poetry went out of his works it entered into his life with the Dreyfus Affair; and the creator of symbols became himself a living symbol of liberty and justice. No one who has read accounts of his trial can forget Séverine's description of

him leaving the Palais de Justice: a little, short-sighted man with his umbrella under one arm, coming down the great steps to a roar of hatred from the crowd, and passing under an archway of waving sticks as calmly as a king leaving his palace under an archway of drawn swords. Zola the heroic little man became known, and is still known, to millions who have never read a line of his works; and it would be hard to refute the cynic who remarked that what Zola did for Dreyfus was nothing to what Dreyfus did for Zola. The uninteresting little Jewish officer has been virtually forgotten, but his defender is immortalised in Anatole France's words as 'a moment of the human conscience'.

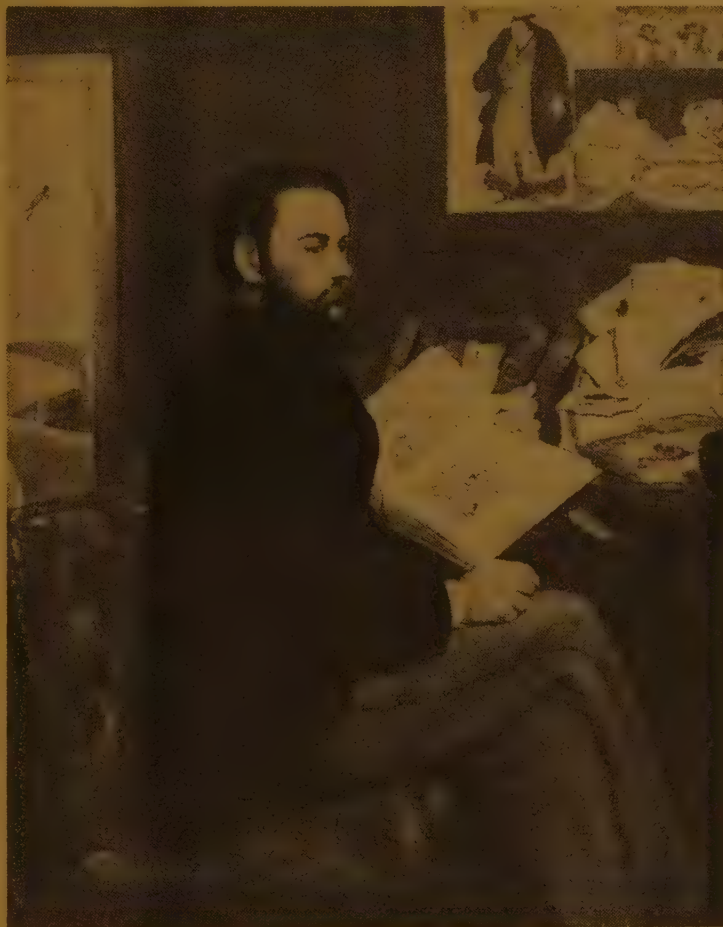
We know now, of course, that right was not exclusively on Zola's side; that some of the charges he made against the army chiefs were groundless; and that his allies were often more interested in making political capital out of the Affair than in saving Dreyfus. There is, too, more than a hint of megalomania in *J'accuse* and in Zola's speeches at his trial, and it seems clear that he was tempted by the opportunity to play the Voltaire to a nineteenth-century Calas. Yet he had given proof of a sincere hatred of injustice long before the Dreyfus Affair, and there can be nothing but praise for the courage which he displayed throughout his trial.

Twentieth-century readers, hardened to tales of physical and mental torture, may smile at the rigours of Zola's brief exile in England—the agonies of the English diet, the horrors of the English winter. But the dangers Zola faced in the last years of his life were real enough, and recent research has shown that his death by coal-gas poisoning may well have been not a stupid accident but a stupid murder.

Whether it was accident or murder, Zola's death at the age of sixty-two is not really a matter for regret. It came to him as he had hoped it would come: swiftly, unexpectedly, like the 'extermination of an insect smashed under a giant finger'. It came, too, at a time when his genius was failing, and when he was writing and planning books unworthy of a great epic poet. But now his reputation was safe. He had already given of his best; and his best was magnificent.

—Third Programme

Chosen Words by Ivor Brown (Cape, 12s. 6d.) contains a selection made by Mr. Brown from his eight well-known word anthologies. About a third of the whole has been chosen for inclusion. Another anthology made by Mr. Brown is *The Bedside 'Guardian'* 4 (Collins, 12s. 6d.), being a selection of writings from the *Manchester Guardian*, 1954-55. Both books may be safely recommended as Christmas gifts for the literary minded.



Emile Zola: a portrait by Manet, in the Louvre
From 'Zola' by A. Lanoux (Staples)

The Christian Hope and Physical Evil—II

The Human Dilemma

By CANON C. E. RAVEN

FOR anyone of my age, if he has any interest in theology, to be asked to speak about hope is a very exciting and (dare I say?) a very important request. We who are now in our seventies started life in a time when hope was high. We believed that progress was becoming so rapid, and man's powers so vastly enlarged, that a wonderland of physical and moral, individual and social improvement seemed not merely possible but almost certain. To say that we believed in automatic advance is untrue: but we felt a reasonable confidence that the means of advance were available in every sphere, that mankind was capable of using such means for the general benefit, and that the amazing achievements of the past half-century gave solid ground for almost unlimited expectation. In religion as in science there was a general optimism: when the Student Christian Movement set its goal as the conversion of the world in the present generation, it seemed a proper conclusion from recent events and immediate possibilities.

A Period of Despair

The war of 1914, though it outraged our convictions and shattered our complacency, did not in itself destroy our optimism: we emerged victorious, and returned to business as usual, resolved to make the world, or at least our own country, a land fit for heroes to dwell in. Even the appalling death-roll, the consequent lack of leadership, and the evidence of moral and religious decline, did not shake our hopefulness. Only when the financial crash of 1930, the collapse of the League of Nations, and the violent revolt against liberalism in politics and in theology disclosed the futility of our dreams, did we find men repudiating the whole idea of progress for humanity, dismissing the conquest of evil as a utopian illusion, and insisting that the Kingdom of God, which had been the inspiration of the previous generation, could not come within history. The period of despair which was thus begun has hardly yet passed. Though the great World Council of the Churches at Evanston declared that Christ was the hope of the world, it was evident that no clear idea of the meaning and character of that hope had been attained or transmitted. Hope in God was still almost synonymous with despair for His world.

The brief recital of this remarkable revolution will explain why, to me at least, the subject of hope is immensely important. Unfortunately it is too vast for me to treat with any fulness. I can only try to explain what is the biblical and Christian doctrine of hope and then to consider how far this, as traditionally interpreted, is consistent with and explains the world as we of the twentieth century have come to understand it.

First, it must be stated that the two contradictory ideas of Christian hope which we know today can each be derived from Scripture. There is abundant evidence in Old and New Testaments alike for the confidence with which the great prophets and, supremely, Jesus Christ confronted the tragedies and calamities of humanity and proclaimed the righteous and triumphant will of God. The history of the Jews and the Acts of the Apostles alike describe earthly events as the acts of the living God: the earth is the Lord's; our times are in His hand; His kingdom will come and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven. There is no ignoring of man's sin or suffering; but our hope is sure; and it is the hope of victory here in this world.

Yet along with such confidence there is a continuous recognition of another picture. Without God, where He is ignored or defied, nothing will avert disaster: man of himself is a thing of naught; his days, and his heart, are evil; unless he repents he will perish. Such warnings find expression in a violence of language which includes all the world in its denunciations. The heavens shall pass away like smoke; the stars shall fall and the sun be darkened; the mountains shall be melted and the rocks rent; in terror and cataclysm God will bring judgement and destruction upon the earth. Jesus Himself not only used such language on occasion, but even spoke as if these catastrophes would happen within a few years, suddenly and at any moment.

Those of us who grew to maturity before the first world war had

not unnaturally accepted the former picture. Indeed when Schweitzer in his first and brilliant book, interpreted the Gospels in terms only of the second; and tried to prove that Jesus was wholly concerned with the speedy and cataclysmic intrusion of God into the world we were shocked and indignant. Only when our debates were broken by the events of 1914 did we realise—under shell-fire—that the language of Apocalyptic (as this use of violent metaphor is called) is the only appropriate imagery for describing what happens to a man when he is faced with the ultimate terrors, with his own death and the loss of every earthly security. We found that it was useless to 'take thought for the morrow', to 'build barns' and store up wealth. Along with that knowledge we discovered that when earth is lost to us, and we live from moment to moment, there remain certainties and a hope which nothing in this world can destroy: so we experienced what it is to live eternally.

Here was the clue to the dilemma about hope. Hope in a dull, slow, automatic progress involving neither agony nor ecstasy, neither danger nor dedication, was a miserable parody. Hope, if based upon belief in a divine intrusion at a date at the end of history, an intrusion unrelated to man's adventuring and dependent upon an arbitrary act of God, was a Jewish fantasy. Neither of them did justice to the truth as Christ and His disciples had expressed it. Each represented an incomplete and therefore misleading picture. In Scripture, though each of these two could be found, the real doctrine was at once more profound and more relevant to our needs.

This doctrine combined the two elements. St. Paul made this abundantly clear. In his first journey to Europe he preached crude apocalyptic—'the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised up and we that are alive shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air', at Thessalonica; and a philosophy of God's indwelling, 'as one of your own poets has said we also are his offspring', at Athens. At both places he failed; and when he went on to Corinth he recognised that he had failed by cheapening his own message. At Thessalonica he, like the Jews, had preached a God of miracle and power: at Athens, like the Greeks, he had expounded the divine wisdom. But the real gospel was that God is most truly revealed not as power nor as wisdom but in Christ crucified, in a Man on a Cross; as neither Despot nor Engineer but 'Our Father'; as the Love which is in reality the only true power and the only ultimate wisdom. Thereafter St. Paul set himself to transform his ideas of God and of man into a wholly Christ-centred shape; and this at once affected his presentation of Christian hope.

'The Glorious Liberty of the Children of God'

So in his greatest doctrinal letter, in the final paragraphs of his exposition of the scheme of salvation, in Romans chapter eight, he explains that the whole creative energy of God is conditioned by two qualities. Since God is love and creation an act of parenthood and education, its purpose is to give birth not to slaves or robots but to children who shall be free: therefore it must be a process liable at every stage to frustration, to agony, and to suffering: for freedom, the liberty of the creature, 'the glorious liberty of the children of God' is its first quality. And consequently it is characterised and inspired by hope: the end is not yet: the process can never be automatic or inevitable: though God is Himself involved in it as His Spirit shares its agony and inspires its endurance, yet it is hope rather than triumph that pervades it: it is by hope that we are saved, and enabled to recognise that in fact the end is sure and that even now 'God makes all things work together for good to them that love Him'.

Here, as in the Fourth Gospel, the picture of a divine cataclysm is transformed. God's initiative and man's response, God's Holy Spirit and man's obedience and endurance are alike maintained; and the union, perfectly fulfilled and revealed in Christ, is initiated and perpetuated in the whole creative process.

So that process is disclosed in terms which illuminate and are

illuminated by the outlook of modern scientific study. In the light of the astronomy, geology, biology, and psychology of today we can no longer share the cosy and complacent optimism of the little pre-Copernican world in which history was contained in a few thousand years and might end tomorrow. So long as acts of God were identified with the unpredictable and miraculous, and God Himself was fitted into the gaps of human knowledge, man expressed his hope in terms of literal prodigies and upheavals. The end of all things was near; at any moment the heavens might be rolled up like a scroll and the earth be consumed: we can only picture such events in terms of atomic warfare and hydrogen bombs but not as outside history or as the final manifestation of a loving God. Crude belief in a Second Advent has always described the present world as a temporary and mainly unsuccessful effort by the deity to win man by love, an effort which would end in an outbreak of divine wrath and vengeance, when only the elect will escape everlasting tortures. Such beliefs can never be reconciled with the life abundant that Christ came to give, or with the way of the Cross by which He accomplished His gift, or with the love which He taught us to acknowledge by calling God 'Our Father'. For us Christian hope can never be expressed in the imagery of the Day of Wrath.

Nor can we be content with the alternative version of this fantasy, with the pessimism which treats the earth as if it were the scene of a successful rebellion against God, a realm totally corrupt, incapable of any progress towards morality or religion except in terms of escape from it. Plainly for each one of us any claim to merit or any self-reliance is an apostasy: in us, in me, dwells no good at all. But it is equally an apostasy to deny that in us and even in me God's good Spirit can, and on occasion manifestly does, operate effectually. To assert that there is no such thing as human progress, or to deny that God's will can be done on earth as it is in heaven, is to maintain a falsehood and to repudiate Christ's explicit assurance. The fact is that, as Jesus Himself stated, we do not know when the Kingdom of God will come: to calculate that it will appear at a certain prophesied date is as perverse though not so damaging as to declare that within history it cannot come at all. Each error has the effect of hamstringing hope.

But if such crude doctrines are impossible, we cannot now return to the easy confidence that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. It may be that the saints, those sensitive and mature persons who have known the agonies and exaltations of uttermost suffering and uttermost temptation, can recover that primal joy which, like God in the story of creation, looks out upon the world and 'behold it is all very good'. But for us who have known the pain and sin of two world wars, who have seen Hitler deified and Hiroshima whitewashed,

it is hardly possible to share in that radiance of vindicated hope. We can realise that if free beings are to come to their perfection, aeons of trial and error, millennia of human sin and suffering, the Cross of Christ as the universal symbol and instrument of deliverance, are the inevitable condition of their evolution. We can agree that for us a life without suffering, a life without risk of sin, would be life in a padded cell, a life without adventure or responsibility, without compassion or devotion, without freedom or hope. We can affirm that the whole order of nature and history, this world as we know it, is all of a piece, the scene and presentation of this same drama of life abundant and life laid down. But we cannot glibly dismiss the pain and sin of the world as trifling defects which it is morbid to contemplate and faithless to discuss. We cannot explain them by the traditional device of ascribing them to the devil, and so vindicate God at the expense of dethroning Him. Rather we must wrestle with the problem with an increasing sensitiveness to its urgency and a persistent readiness to probe its depth and to experience its heartbreak. We must enlarge and purify our concept of God.

What does this mean? Our new knowledge of nature may give us a clue and a starting point: modern astronomy and the inconceivable immensity of this expanding universe; atomic structure and the cataclysmic energy of its infinitesimal particles. Or, on this earth, the range of creatures from poison-ivy or liver-fluke or puff-adder to whatever, for you, best reveals the beauty and order and worth of living things—gentian or lily, humming-bird or eagle, gazelle or elephant. We need not, we must not, pick and choose: the whole is open to us and it is our business to be sensitive to our uttermost capacity, to be alive fully and eternally. We are explorers in quest of the horizon, explorers who should be everywhere at home. For the earth and the universe are of God.

Then we can turn from the evidence of nature to that of history and Scripture. We can turn to the Christ—to that other and yet similar record of God's ways and works which for us men has its own special and unique relevance. And here again the same pattern emerges, ranging from the devilish to the divine, from the gruesome or the grotesque to the sublime and the adorable. We must aim to appreciate it in its detail and in its wholeness, its infinite variety and its discoverable harmony. We must see how mankind takes up and carries forward the age-old succession of the creatures, disclosing fresh depths and fresh heights, illuminating the significance of the past and foreshadowing the possibilities of the future. We must seek freedom ever wider in its scope and more tremendous in its responsibilities, and must declare clearly and urgently the nature and ground and content of our hope—as we catch fuller glimpses of the Christ that is to be, of His Calvary, His Resurrection, and His Pentecost.—*Home Service*

Coronary Thrombosis: A Modern Epidemic

By J. N. MORRIS

THE term 'coronary thrombosis' is used to cover a wide variety of conditions. They range from slight pain and discomfort on effort—mild angina pectoris—at one extreme, to, at the other extreme, the small minority of heart attacks which cause sudden death in apparently healthy men. The underlying processes of these are the same. The coronary arteries are the vessels in the heart itself which supply nutriment and oxygen to the heart muscle. It is exceedingly common for these vessels to be affected by the disease called 'atherosclerosis'. In this, the lining of the arteries becomes thickened and hardened, and the bore of the vessels may be narrowed; but we do not know how much this matters in middle age, provided there are no complications. The main complication is thrombosis, or clotting of the blood in a coronary artery; this produces a block that stops the further flow of blood, and thus deprives part of the heart of its normal supply.

It is at this point that another element becomes particularly important—the richness in reserve arteries, and the ability of these to by-pass the obstruction and take over the nourishment of heart muscle which has lost its own blood supply. We need always to bear in mind the dynamic nature of these various processes. Depending on their degree

and rate of development, and on the capacity of the body's defences and reserves, so will the clinical picture vary; in one man a coronary thrombosis may cause a minor pain in the chest, in another a mortal illness, in another no symptoms or disability at all.

How common coronary thrombosis is we know only roughly; a study among men doctors indicated that one in five of them may expect to suffer from it before they are sixty-five; but this figure is probably higher than the average. In Britain as a whole it is reported to cause 15,000 or even 20,000 deaths a year in men under sixty-five. Coronary thrombosis bears the largest share of responsibility for the recent remarkable trend of mortality among the middle-aged men of this country and much of the western world.

A hundred years or so ago, when reliable vital statistics began to be published, the death rate among men at fifty-five to sixty-four years of age was about 10 per cent. higher than that of women. (It is difficult to define middle-age, but fifty-five to sixty-four would be included in any definition.) Now the excess deaths among these men, compared with women, is about 90 per cent., and it is worsening. That is to say, we are approaching the time when for every woman who dies in her late fifties or early sixties, two men will die. Most of this deterioration

in the record of men when compared with women has occurred in the last twenty years. During this period, which has seen more advances in medical treatment than the rest of history put together, the female death rate in middle age has fallen satisfactorily. But corresponding male mortality rates have fallen much less: it is possible that those of professional and business men in the top social class have not fallen at all. What has been happening? These unexpected trends reflect something of a biological revolution, the main responsible elements in which are three diseases particularly affecting men, and very common in middle age: duodenal ulcer, cancer of the lung, and coronary thrombosis. Of these, coronary thrombosis is the biggest single factor in the strange modern course of male mortality. Women enjoy remarkable freedom from this disease before their menopause; and thereafter suffer less than men, at any rate until old age.

Recently there have been promising advances in the treatment of coronary thrombosis, and considerable refinements in diagnosis. But the detection of the disease before it strikes still usually eludes us. Not that it is at all clear what should be done when it is discovered thus early. In both the United States and the Soviet Union great store is placed on the periodic examination of healthy middle-aged men to try to discover latent disease. But there is no published evidence, so far as I am aware, that those examinations have any value against coronary thrombosis, or such a related condition as high blood-pressure.

Causes and Prevention

What do we know about the causes? Or, to put the question in a more positive way, what are the possibilities of prevention? In preventive medicine, broadly speaking, there are two approaches which are complementary: first, to discover specific preventives—such as vaccination against smallpox, or giving vitamin C against scurvy. The second approach is to identify social conditions and ways of living which, there is strong reason to believe, engender disease, and to change these conditions: overcrowding, for example, which leads to a high incidence of chest infections; drinking of polluted water which causes bowel infections; most generally, poverty, which underlies so much of disease and death in childhood. It is conceivable that at some future date men will take a pill each morning to stop their blood from clotting too much (and another to stop them bleeding). But the discovery of specific prophylactics against coronary thrombosis cannot be commanded. They may be discovered at any time, or never. The alternative approach is at present much more hopeful: to alter our way of life. So let us look at what is now being learnt about this. To do so, we must change our angle of vision, stop looking only at single patients, and begin to look at groups and populations. These provide us with the 'natural experiments' that illustrate the effects of differences in ways of living. From groups that have much of the disease, and groups that have little of it, we may be able to learn how it is we acquire coronary thrombosis, and how to protect ourselves from it.

The principal, and crucial, observation which has been made in studying populations is that (in the jargon of the nineteen-fifties) 'underdeveloped' peoples suffer less, and apparently much less, coronary thrombosis than do more advanced, more prosperous, western peoples. Thus, the rural Guatemalans who have been studied in Central America, and Bantus in South Africa, seem to have very little coronary thrombosis. The story is the same with the Okinawan islanders observed in the last war, and with the natives of Uganda, or of Jamaica, when their prevalence of coronary thrombosis is compared with what is commonly found in the West. There is good reason to suppose that these advantages are not merely racial or climatic. The Negroes of the United States, for example, suffer severely. The rural Japanese apparently have little coronary thrombosis—their town dwellers, more. Western Jews in Israel suffer much, but the immigrants from North Africa and Asia apparently do not—or not yet.

In the attempt to understand these differences attention has been focussed on the diet of the various poverty-stricken populations I have mentioned, in particular on its low, often exceedingly low, content of fat. In this country we commonly take about 35 per cent. of our total energy from fats, and this is almost a hallmark of a high standard of living. Some of the other peoples I have referred to get only 15 per cent., or less. Does the secret lie here?

The first thing to say is that there is no longer any doubt that there are connections between the way the body deals with fat, and the occurrence of coronary thrombosis (apart from the question of obesity which I shall not be discussing). The disease of the lining of the coronary arteries, which is the basis of all the trouble, contains a great

deal of fat. Addition of fats to the diet is the basis of the experimental production of coronary artery disease in animals. Men who have had a heart attack tend to have particularly high levels of fat in their blood and to transport it differently from control subjects. There are intimate relations between fats and blood clotting. And so on.

However, information of this kind is not of much general interest. What is wanted is the answer to the much simpler questions, does the habitual consumption of diets rich in fat (and particularly the more expensive animal fat) lead to epidemic coronary thrombosis; does the habitual consumption of diets poor in fat result in little of this disease? A confident answer cannot yet be given to these questions. This was much the conclusion reached by a study group I attended a week or two ago called by the World Health Organisation. After closely examining the evidence, this meeting found it impossible to agree, in the present state of knowledge, that a change should now be made in western diets, either in its fat content or in any other respect, as protection against coronary thrombosis. The difficulty lies in trying to isolate one factor, the diet, and one element of that, the fat, when there is mounting evidence that several factors are operating. The life of these Guatemalan peasants and Bantu labourers is different from our own in so many other respects in addition to the amount and nature of the fats they eat. These other differences, also, may be related to the infrequency of coronary thrombosis among them.

To come nearer home: while it seems to be true that coronary thrombosis is far commoner in the West than in more primitive peoples, western populations, though all taking high fat diets, apparently have a widely varying incidence of the disease among themselves. The United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand (quite a mixture of countries, this) seem to have substantially more than we in Britain, while we have substantially more than Denmark and Norway. Within our own country, the higher mortality in professional and business men is unlikely to be explained simply by excesses in diet; and, even less so, the differences which are now being identified between the hearts of clerks, say, and of miners and agricultural workers; the advantages enjoyed by farm labourers in particular. That is to say, the question about the fat content of the diet, as usually put, may be altogether too simple.

The suggestion that fat consumption does not operate in isolation, that there is room for manoeuvre within high fat diets, is important on practical grounds. Preventive medicine is far more likely to achieve results with a programme moderately to control diet and other ways of living (should such a combination of factors prove to be effective) than by recommending the drastic change of diet alone.

A Chairborne Generation

Let us consider some of these other aspects of the environment and way of life: first, the amount of exercise a man takes; though so far this has been studied only in terms of physical activity of work. This is a question in which I have been particularly interested. We made the observation a few years ago that physically active workers, such as postmen and bus conductors, had less coronary heart disease than sedentary workers, like clerks and bus drivers. More important, what disease the active men had was less severe and, especially at younger ages, there was far less sudden death among them than among the sedentary. In general, 'heavy' workers, skilled and unskilled, were found to have lower mortality from coronary thrombosis than 'light' workers, with intermediate grades falling in between.

Clear enough; but two questions immediately arise which illustrate the difficulties of this kind of investigation. People change their jobs for all manner of reasons; and this raises many technical research problems that are not nearly so easy to overcome as they may sound. The other difficulty is once again this question of disentangling a single factor from a complex: the difference in physical activity between, say, delivering the post, and clerking in a government office, is only one of many, obvious and not so obvious, differences between these two occupations. Any one or a cluster of these other differences may be more relevant to coronary thrombosis than is physical activity. And there may be a very long-term process here; because, from the start of their working career, different kinds of people are attracted to different kinds of jobs, and these preferences may well be associated with greater or less susceptibility to coronary thrombosis. However, these problems, too, must be tackled as the next phase of the study is attempted—to assess whether physical activities we engage in outside our work, particularly in leisure enjoyments, afford any protection. This is where the answer may lie for the army of 'light' workers and the

chairborne who increasingly make up our working population in our second industrial revolution—with its multiplication of machine power and mass production, growth in the scale of enterprise and of bureaucracy, and rise in the professions.

So far, I have hinted only indirectly at stress and strain, what is called the pace of modern living, as a possible factor, another element to be considered in that epochal social change of our time which must be responsible for the biological changes I have referred to. I wish I had something useful to say about the psychological aspects. A recent study at Harvard on this subject, from which much was hoped, reported with a string of dismal negatives. There are no facts on the emotional aspects of coronary thrombosis, and few hypotheses have been formulated that can be tested: an all too common situation, it must be admitted, in this no-man's land between psychology and bodily disease.

Perhaps you would like to hear something about tobacco? After rather indecisive enquiries over many years, a large-scale study was reported recently in the United States. It indicated that middle-aged men who smoked half a 'pack' a day or more, had considerably higher mortality from coronary thrombosis than men who did not smoke at all. The mortality among the non-smokers, however, was still very high—another illustration this, how there is no single or simple answer to the problem of the aetiology of coronary thrombosis.

I must make one point of a different sort. Among non-medical people I meet, there is a widely prevalent idea that research into the possible connections between diseases like coronary thrombosis and the way people live is a leading activity of modern medicine. This idea is wrong. Many of the London Teaching Hospitals, for example, give little support to investigations such as I have been describing, and there are great provincial schools where the record is similar. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons for the slow progress being made in preventive medicine, and for its prevalent pessimism, compared with the massive achievements and faith in the future of the clinical branches. This situation is not accidental: the causes lie deep in the social and academic structure of medicine and in its recent intellectual history—particularly its highly successful struggle to become more scientific through laboratory experiment. But there it is, and there is no likelihood of any rapid change: which is a pity, surely; for, unsatisfactory and inconclusive though such studies as I have described so often are, they do still offer our best hope of finding what we all are groping for—some rules for healthy living in middle and old age, and some sort of rational, long-term hope for a National Health Service which will be able to turn more to constructive and preventive work.

New Diseases for Old

As the old public-health problems are controlled—and even before—new ones have arisen. Manifestly there is something wrong. Our situation is in many respects not unlike that which the pioneers and founders of preventive medicine had to face; in our ignorance, the lack of experience on which to build, our inability to apprehend the nature of the changes through which we are living. And like them, we too shall have to do a great deal of hard thinking if we are to find the strategy to deal with the problems of our time, problems that have changed remarkably within a generation. The emergence of middle-aged men as a 'vulnerable group' is the most startling occurrence for a public-health movement whose ideas on prevention are based largely on such experiences as maternity and child-welfare work. More important is to grasp that we are dealing with a different social situation. The nineteenth-century epidemics, bred in poverty and malnutrition, arose from failures of the social system. The wave of tuberculosis that followed the industrial revolution and the ubiquitous rickets of the Victorian slums could be regarded as passing faults of society: there was hope and confidence that further social progress would mitigate and in time abolish such evils. But coronary thrombosis (and there is no reason to suppose it is unique), with its origins apparently in high living standards and our means of achieving these, seems to be arising from what we regard as successes of the social system, and from the essential processes of our new industrial society. There is every reason to expect that, as social progress continues along its present lines, we shall have not less coronary thrombosis in the future but more.

Over and above that, it is becoming clear that in the modification of personal behaviour, of diet, smoking, physical exercise, and the rest, which look like providing at any rate part of the answer, the responsibility of the individual for his own health will be far greater than formerly. It will not be possible to impose from without (as drains were

built) the new norms of behaviour better serving the needs of middle and old age. They will come about only in a new kind of partnership between community and individual. And if it turns out that the 'wisdom of the body and understanding of the heart' begin with a rather dull moderation in all things, perhaps even that is not a negligible message from preventive medicine to these over-excited times.

—Third Programme

The 'Fourteen-day Rule'

(continued from page 978)

covered by legislation before the House. Certainly it would seem ludicrous that, for example, no M.P. can discuss 'clean air' on radio or television because a Bill dealing with that topic is before parliament.

Then, on the matter of anticipating specific parliamentary debates, should this apply only to members of parliament, as some have suggested, on the grounds that they are to make their contributions in the House and not on the air? The motion passed in the Commons could be interpreted in this way: for myself, I would welcome such an interpretation, but I have no doubt after listening to the debate that a majority of the M.P.s would prefer that the ban should apply to everyone and not merely to members of parliament.

Thirdly, the committee must decide whether the rule, whatever its duration and to whomever it applies, should cover every subject to be debated in parliament. Again, carried too far, this could become ludicrous. It would seem sensible to rule that it should apply only to major and highly contentious issues. But this still leaves open an extremely difficult problem of definition; we have no agreed scale on which to measure the size or importance of issues to be debated in parliament.

Indeed, the more I think about this question, the more necessary it seems to attempt to escape from rigid formulas and straight directives. The object of this exercise is to defend the prestige of parliament as the great forum of the nation. But parliament's prestige will be in no way enhanced if it formulates a series of fussy restrictions which prove unworkable. In no other country of which I am aware has a democratic parliament attempted to apply restrictions of this sort on radio and television discussions. This does not mean that we are necessarily unwise to attempt to do so here. But it would seem to be obvious that if the principle implied in the motion in the House is to be applied successfully it will be only on the basis of informal understanding and of good sense on the part of all concerned.

Finally, a word about the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. I think the B.B.C., still the only national organisation, has a good deal to learn from the debate. It was obvious that a great many M.P.s are genuinely unhappy about what they consider to be the unfair way in which politicians are chosen to appear on the air. A good deal of this can certainly be written off as the inevitable disappointment of those who by any reasonable test would be poor performers on the air. Perhaps, too, this disgruntlement is based on a measure of misunderstanding about B.B.C. methods in this sphere, and in that case the Corporation ought to do more than it has done to explain its methods and to make it clear that it attempts to be utterly fair in its choice of political speakers. But I believe there is another point to be made: I should doubt whether there is a single Congressman in the United States or M.P. in Canada who has not appeared many times on the air, and I believe it is appropriate that they should have access to this vitally important medium of presenting themselves to the public. Could there not, for example, be a great extension of regional discussions of regional and national issues in which M.P.s from the regions took a far greater part? I am arguing that there has been far too great a concentration on far too few personalities at the national level and I believe it is the job of radio and television to minimise this tendency, not to exaggerate it.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Ageing in Industry by F. Le Gros Clark and Agnes C. Dunne, published by the Nuffield Foundation, price 6s., is an inquiry based on figures derived from census reports into the problem of ageing under the conditions of modern industry. The position in thirty-two different kinds of work is analysed and the report concludes that possibly as many as 40,000 elderly men every year are still reasonably fit and prepared for light work after they have had to give up their normal jobs. 'A country whose population is ageing has to take the matter seriously. Appeals to industry are not sufficient, because most industries are not flexible enough to absorb more than a small proportion of their own human wastage'.

NEWS DIARY

November 30-December 6

Wednesday, November 30

French Council of Ministers decides to dissolve the General Assembly and hold a general election

Prime Minister answers questions in Commons about Russian suggestion to stop experimental explosions of the hydrogen bomb

Representatives of Western Powers meet in Berlin to consider the Russian Commandant's statement that east Berlin is no longer occupied territory

Thursday, December 1

Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev begin tour of Burma

M. Faure, the French Prime Minister, is expelled from the Socialist Radical party

Western Powers protest about the declaration on the status of east Berlin

Friday, December 2

Sterling area's gold and dollar reserves again fall during November

Thirteen persons are killed and many injured when a Southern Region electric train collides with a goods train between Barnes and Putney

Prime Minister of Northern Ireland stresses responsibility of Eire Government for operations of illegal organisations within the boundaries of Northern Ireland

Saturday, December 3

Greek Government decides not to submit the question of Cyprus to the present Assembly of the United Nations

Municipal bus workers outside London accept pay increases

Soviet authorities in Germany refuse to renew annual permits for canal travel between the Federal Republic and the western sector of Berlin on the ground that it is the responsibility of the East German Republic

Sunday, December 4

Governor of Cyprus fines a village £2,000 because schoolboys burnt down the post office

In a speech in Burma, Mr. Khrushchev attacks the English for trying to rob their colonies of their 'last piece of bread'

Monday, December 5

Prime Minister announces that he and the Foreign Secretary are to visit Washington next month

Commons debate Cyprus

C.I.G.S. leaves for visit to Jordan

Tuesday, December 6

Transport Commission rejects proposals of railway unions for improved pay and conditions

Terrorist attacks continue in Cyprus

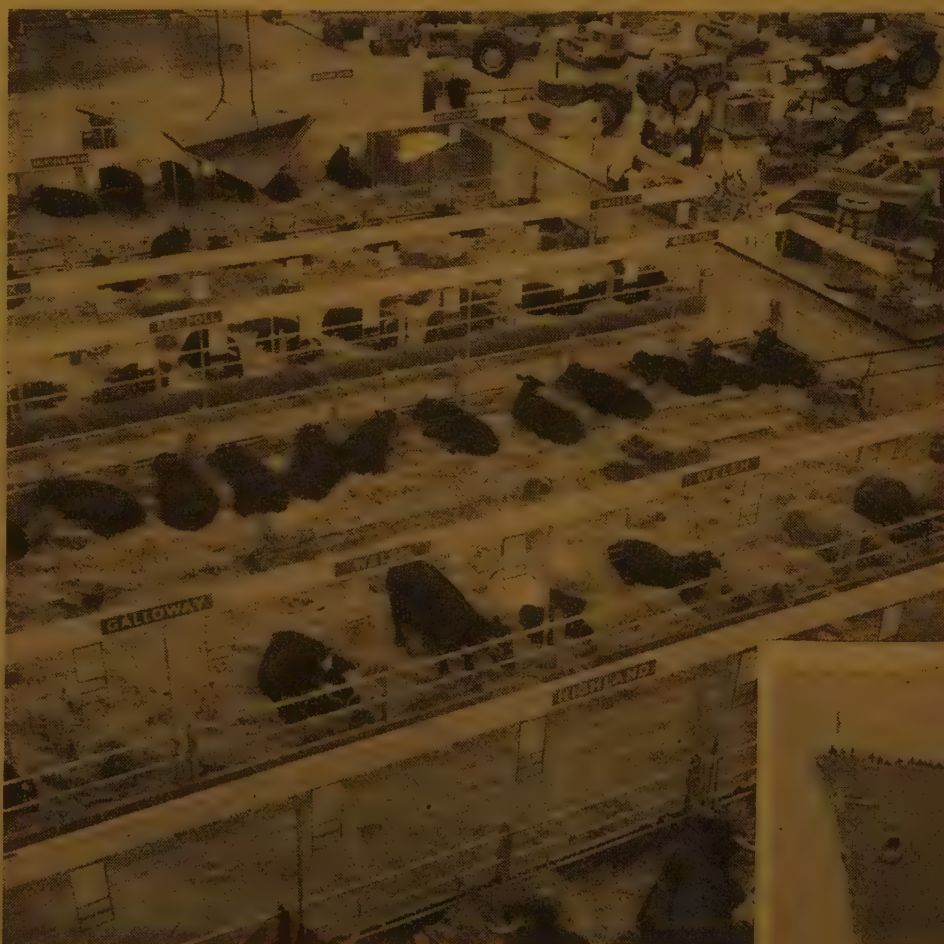
Chancellor of Exchequer answers questions about Sales Tax



M. Faure, the French Prime Minister, explaining to a news conference the reasons why the Council of Ministers had decided to dissolve the National Assembly and hold a general election. His Government was defeated on a vote of confidence on November 29 by a majority of 100 votes. He said that his object was to give France a new Assembly capable of facing the urgent problems which would arise next year, among them developments in North Africa



The Post Office in the village of schoolboys. The Governor, Field-male inhabitants of the villa



A general view of the Smithfield Show which opened at Earls Court, London, on Monday. The exhibition included the finest breeds of fatstock and a large display of modern machinery and equipment

Right: *Spyros Niarchos*, a tanker built for a Greek ship-owner in the Vickers-Armstrong yards at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, was launched on December 2. The vessel, which is 47,000 tons dead weight, and has an overall length of 757 feet, is claimed to be the largest oil-tanker in the world



A recent photograph of a composer, whose seven symphonies He has also written



in Cyprus which was set on fire by
r John Harding, last week fined the
under the emergency regulations



at his home of Jean Sibelius, the Finnish
birthday occurs today. His works include
concerto, and a number of tone poems.
y pianoforte pieces and more than a
undred songs



The crowd looking at the Comet III on its arrival in
Sydney on December 4. During the first stage of its
proving flight it covered the 11,440 miles from Hatfield
to Sydney in 24 hours 23 minutes flying time



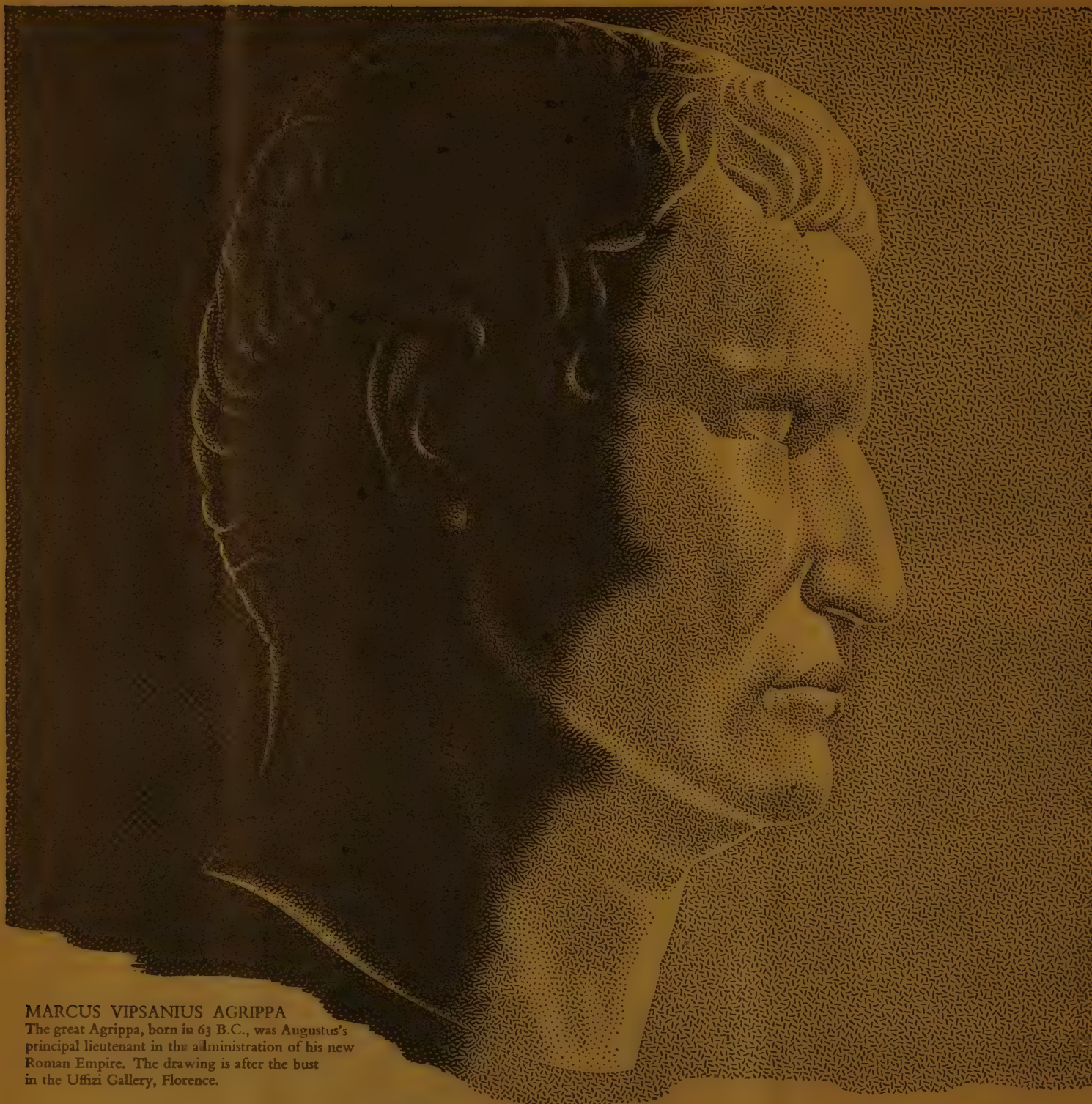
The rebuilt St. Columba's
(Church of Scotland) in
Pont Street, London
(architect: Sir Edward
Maufe), replacing that
destroyed by bombing in
1941



A Russian clay doll, a clown-drummer, and a modern
dove-cote belonging to the Toy Museum of Great
Britain, Manchester, which has been staging an exhibi-
tion of historical toys at the Royal Festival Hall, London



Christmas decorations in Regent Street: ornamental stars are suspended over the street which is
floodlit after dusk



MARCUS VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA

The great Agrippa, born in 63 B.C., was Augustus's principal lieutenant in the administration of his new Roman Empire. The drawing is after the bust in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

*Administration is the art of marrying
the human factor and the practical fact,
so that both initiative and system
can develop naturally.*

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The Minimum Man

By PIERRE SCHNEIDER

THEY stumble about Paris, bearded, dishevelled, bedraggled, half-dazed, like stragglers from some gigantic rout, like survivors of a *Grande Armée* destroyed in some Russian retreat. They move in pairs, pooling their feeble forces to remain erect, or wander alone, propping themselves up against walls or lamp-posts. More commonly they are seen lying asleep, at any time of day or night, on benches, under bridges, on doorsteps, in empty lots or simply on the sidewalks. When the weather is cold they bed down on the grating of the underground—that central-heating system of vagabonds.

Pot-pourris of Unique Clothing Relics

Their dress is governed by only one principle: put on as much as you can. As a result, they often look like walking museums of costume; they form veritable *pot-pourris* of unique clothing relics, from the shako, last vestige of surplus goods harking back to the Cossacks of 1815, to the high boots abandoned by a Prussian Uhlan in 1870. Under this heterogeneous accumulation of garments, gathered right and left as if pre-empted on the bodies of companions fallen along the wayside, the human form almost disappears. Yet, no matter how motley, their dress is a uniform, for on their backs it is automatically dyed the colour of poverty. All their earthly belongings—as a rule collected in refuse-containers—have been stuffed into an old sack or packed into a disabled perambulator from which they never part. These various signs make them as perfectly recognisable a corporation as service-men, school-children, police-agents, or nuns; they are the *clochards*.

Their status is recognised, almost respected. To justify the *clochard's* existence, French society alleges their picturesqueness: as if their sole endeavour in life were to resemble Murillo's 'Beggars' in the Louvre. (Incidentally, I am told that there exist at present two schools teaching the techniques of begging.) The implication is that the *clochard* has chosen this way of life because of his love for absolute freedom. He is, we are assured, a kind of philosopher, a man with a worthy tradition behind him. Wasn't Diogenes the first *clochard*? He, too, led a dog's life. He, too, pushed a perambulator before him—or rather a barrel—slept in the streets, and reduced his needs to the barest minimum. Nor does the fact that he was a banker's son single him out: one old *clochard*, who still haunted the streets of Paris a few years ago, was the son of La Goulue, immortalised by Toulouse-Lautrec, who had tattooed her portrait on his chest, and of a well-known monarch. And as *la cloche*, or 'bumsdom', has its patron thinker, so it has its poet, Verlaine, whom fame and death alone prevented from joining the ranks of the fraternity altogether. With such exalted guarantors, emulated year after year by writers of varying talent but all endowed with an overwhelming thirst for adventure, who could doubt that being a *clochard* is a positive vocation?

This relatively pretty picture, however, is a deceptive screen which, by an instinctive reaction, we set up between ourselves and ugly reality. It is an excuse for refusing to admit and to accept our responsibilities. Alexandre Vexliard, with his doctoral thesis, recently defended in the Sorbonne before the press and a fair share of *le Tout Paris*, has done much to tear down that screen: henceforth, the observations which any Parisian can make shall have the blessing of science.

La cloche is not an organised body as it once was, in the days when the social machinery worked less thoroughly than today. Contemporary *clochards* really are the aimless, maimed survivors of a lost battle: the battle of life. The *clochard* is the man who has given up the struggle, surrendered unconditionally. Tired of swimming in boundless waters without any prospect of sighting land, he has let himself sink. You could not possibly travel lighter than he. He has cast off aspirations, preferences, dreams, hopes, and even despair. He floats about as the tides of chance dictate, almost unsubstantial. His horizon is the moment. Nothing happens, nothing can happen to him, since he reacts to nothing. Though often full of stories, his life has no history. Everything that befalls him is accepted by him as normal, without a murmur. He is minimum man. He survives because he has managed to find, in Yeats' words, a 'life in death'. And that is why he appears to us,

when we meet him in the street, as inconsequential and unreal as the Shades in Hell. Next to actual death, which is but a small step away—a step which he takes more easily than anyone—nothing can affect him any longer. That is what distinguishes him from people in a similar state of misery, unemployed workers, for instance. The jobless man has nothing to live on, the *clochard* lives on nothing. The jobless man or the delinquent protest and revolt against society, but with the purpose of eventually reintegrating themselves in it. Not so the *clochard*. He is, once and for all, beyond, beneath, society's reach—a fish too small to remain caught in the net. He has become, in every sense of the term, untouchable.

The police, though it can hardly be accused of wasting its time on philosophic, sociological, or psychological meditations, senses this distinction and usually leaves the inoffensive *clochards* alone, even turning its back on their minor misdemeanours and petty larcenies. And so they live their minimal life, picking rags, extending their hand toward a problematic charity, searching for places where free soup is handed out, capable, however, of going without food for days. Sometimes they work at night unloading trucks at Les Halles or, during the summer, harvesting peas and tomatoes around Paris, but never long enough for the notion of regularity to graze their mind. Mind? It has shrunk to the infinitesimal dimensions of their needs. The world at large has lost all meaning. When asked: 'When did Jesus Christ live?' one *clochard* answered, 'At that time, there were no Americans yet'.

The journey from the moment when the normal individual goes under until the instant when he reaches the bottom, that is, when he has been turned into a full-fledged *clochard*, is not an easy one. At times, on his way down, he is seized by desperate convulsions, like a drowning man thrashing about and wildly gasping for air: he stops passers-by, insults them and himself, makes them witnesses and even accomplices to his decline. This is the only stage in the process of 'clochardisation' when one is considered obnoxious. It often ends in suicide, for we should remember that not everyone can become a successful *clochard*. But if he survives this critical period, he soon becomes reconciled. Tensions disappear. From time to time he will still emerge from his stupor and remember the past, like dying people who, for a few minutes, regain consciousness and converse almost normally with you, and then are submerged again.

Such spells of lucidity are as painful to the *clochard* as to you. Fortunately, he has a compassionate friend to smooth out his downward way, wine, which was invented, as Baudelaire says,

*Pour noyer la rancœur et bercer l'indolence
De tous ces vieux maudits qui meurent en silence.*

Wine drowns out the past and numbs against the present. It is the only thing for which the *clochard* is always willing to pay. No sooner has he awakened than he turns to his bottle. By noon he is as drunk as a lord.

Ceremony and Ritual

That, precisely, is the chief virtue of wine: to allow the *clochard* to feel knighted. For that is the most surprising thing about minimum man: he must preserve his sense of dignity at any cost if he wishes to keep going. In fact, the more distressing his condition, the more urgent this necessity. Contrary to what one might think, the most primitive life is also the most ceremonious and ritualised: as if ritual alone could protect one from the frightening impact of the immediate. The *clochards* pretend to shave and to wash. I have seen some of them make it a point to do their laundry, though their clothes, like themselves, were beyond redemption, and that not on any day, but on Monday, like every good housewife in France. Another puts on tattered gloves when he goes to buy his wine, not to keep his hands warm—how could they?—but so that his companions say of him: 'C'est un monsieur'. *Clochards* are apt to greet each other with elaborate manners, invite each other to dinner, and decorate their temporary hovels with faded flowers picked from the gutter. They provide extreme illustration of man's ability to transmute almost unlivable conditions



Steel men take an iron

Three men playing golf — grandfather, father and son. And they have something else in common, too. They are steelworkers at a large works near Glasgow. But they might be in Belgium or Brazil, Canada or France, on any golf course in the world. Wherever golf is played you will find British steel products. Steel in all its forms makes up over 40% of Britain's total exports. And sports goods too play their part in earning foreign currencies for Britain. Even your mid-iron is made of steel.

Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

British steel leads the world

into livable ones. The filth which covers them like an armour-plate also protects them: if washed too quickly in hospitals, a doctor told me, they may die within a few hours. By the same process they turn their moral degradation—in their own eyes at least, but also, as I have said, in those of the general public—into a positive philosophy. They rail the rich as they leave their luxurious hotels, mock employees as they rush to their offices, and do their utmost to present their absolute slavery as a total freedom.

And so we tend to regard them as happy and to become as indifferent toward them as they have become toward us: this all the more easily since we like to imagine that they are by nature different from us, retarded, abnormal from birth. But that is not the case. More than a few *clochards* were intelligent and even cultured. Many occupied perfectly respectable positions in society: accountants, farmers, stage-directors, professional soldiers. To all of them the same thing happened: there came the moment when they simply could not keep up the pace any more. Time had exhausted their energies. Just as a simple cold may prove fatal to worn-out organisms, they find themselves unable after a while to put up a defence against social or psychological blows. Their mental and spiritual reserves are empty.

Significantly, the average age for turning *clochard* is forty. When, at that stage, they lose their job, their wife runs away, their business fails, or their child dies, they will not find the strength to tread the mill any longer. From then on they subsist merely as living reminders that man's resistance against the fearful pressure of the social machine is limited—particularly limited today, as a result of the systematic demands which the machine's complexity makes upon each human

being. They are pointed reminders, because there is no telling that the same fate will not overtake you or me. For while every *clochard* is man reduced to impotence, every man is a potential *clochard*. Perhaps it is this bond which the French implicitly recognise and which constitutes the real cause for their tolerance. It goes back to Charlemagne's Capitulary of the year 806, which differentiated between 'strong beggars', who were to be punished and set to work, and 'weak beggars', whom convents and hospices were urged to protect. An obscurely felt solidarity in the Middle Ages drove princes to wash the feet of beggars and to gambol hand in hand with paupers in the universal Dance of Death. The same feeling now impels revellers in evening gowns and tuxedos to elbow these broken remnants of mankind at bar-counters in Les Halles.

The *clochard* is proof in the flesh of man's fallibility, a living *tu quoque*. He has taken his name from the word 'limping', we are told; but I like to think that it has a deeper meaning, reflected in the expression: '*Il y a quelque chose qui cloche*'. Something does not quite work in the world created by man. The *clochard's* destiny is to incarnate that something. As long as this possibility of erring, failing, and falling is admitted, we have been spared the worst: it does not give us cause for hope, to be sure, but provides the soil on which hope can take root. Perfect systems are inhuman and tyrannical. The one thing that a planner cannot admit, were he an idealist bent solely upon bringing happiness to the human race, is that his programme might limp. No vagabonds are tolerated in Plato's Republic, and Hitler exterminated the gypsies on his territory. Today there are perhaps some 50,000 *clochards* in Paris who have, though only in the narrowest sense, their place in the sun.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Retirement Pension

Sir,—I listened with great interest to Dr. Abel-Smith's talk on Tuesday, November 29, in the programme 'At Home and Abroad', on the question of Social Insurance pensions in old age. The making of pensions in old age conditional upon retirement from work was one of the changes proposed in the Beveridge Report of 1942 and accepted hitherto by all successive governments.

I have myself quite recently suggested that the principle of this change in regard to pensions might reasonably now be the subject of further examination. A pension given on condition of retirement from work, or rather, in practice, on condition of not earning more than a certain amount by work, raises a number of difficult questions which should be re-examined in the light of experience. But I would certainly not go beyond suggesting thorough investigation of the problem. Dr. Abel-Smith's final view that we should make the retirement pension into an old-age pension again seems to me, to be frank, a good deal too hasty.

His use of the word 'again' conceals the fact that the pension as we now have it is something altogether different in scale from the pension as we had it before 1946. Then pensions were 10s. a week, utterly inadequate for subsistence without other means. Pensions as they were proposed in the Beveridge Report and as they have in fact been put into practice are pensions designed to be enough for subsistence even if there is no other income at all.

That, having regard to the growing proportion of older people in the population, makes the financial problem of providing pensions, whether in old age or on retirement, very great indeed. In the Beveridge Report I emphasised

this growing burden as any prudent person would emphasise it:

It is dangerous to be in any way lavish to old age, until adequate provision has been assured for all other vital needs, such as the prevention of disease and the adequate nutrition of the young.

I hope that in fact the Government will now make a thorough investigation of the principle of pensions in old age, and whether they should be retirement pensions or straight old-age pensions. More important than this, I hope they will examine the problem of pensions generally, including pensions in the Civil Service, in local government, in teaching and in industry, in relation to the Social Insurance system. The whole problem wants to be looked at as one.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

BEVERIDGE

Pay in the Civil Service

Sir,—May I be allowed to reply to the charge made by the General Secretary of the Institution of Professional Civil Servants in THE LISTENER (December 1) that, in a recent broadcast, I gave an extremely biased version of the Royal Commission's Report? He gives two instances of my incorrect presentation of the facts.

(1) The figure of £11,000,000 a year is, of course, taken from the Report itself, and I was very careful to use the words 'to meet the pay increases alone'. No estimate is given in the Report of the combined financial effect of proposed changes in such matters as hours and overtime on the one hand and additional manpower likely to be required on the other. There is, therefore, nothing misleading in my statement.

(2) I welcomed the proposal for a fact-finding unit. Mr. Mayne draws attention to some of the difficulties likely to arise in bringing such a recommendation into force. In a five-minute broadcast I could hardly be expected to go into these details. The Royal Commission put the suggestion forward as a firm proposal, and it seems to me to be a good one. I fail to see anything either misleading or biased in my brief remarks to this effect.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

R. KEITH KELSALL

A Powerful Challenge to Democracy

Sir,—In commenting upon my talks in the series 'The World and Ourselves', Mr. Lesser remarks that 'Germany's situation is hopeless. Nobody can help them'.

It is pretty certain that (a) the Germans will not accept this diagnosis, and that (b) the Russians will offer 'help' on appropriate terms. We have got to help the Germans in order to help ourselves, for if western Germany were lost to freedom, western Europe would soon follow her into the bag.

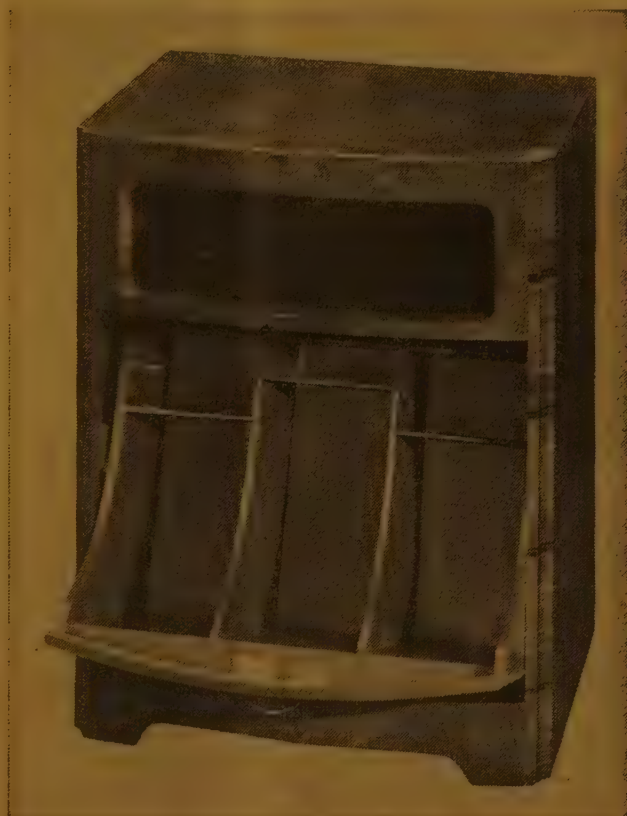
My own belief is that the right policy now is for Great Britain to take the lead in a forthright manner and in full acceptance of the sacrifices involved, in a policy for creating rapidly a United Europe in which the United Kingdom would be an active partner. The creation of a real United Europe in which west Germany would play an important part would give west Germans a solid reason for remaining with the West; would resolve the Franco-German quarrel and, above all, would provide a powerful magnet attracting the satellite states including east Germans.

No one but the British can give this policy the impetus it needs. Why Sir Winston

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Sentimental

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Churchill, who had done so much to revive the great idea of United Europe, abandoned his child when he returned to No. 10 remains both a mystery and, I believe, the greatest tragedy of the post-war era.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 STEPHEN KING-HALL

Mr. Molotov's Journey

Sir,—Mr. Pickles (THE LISTENER, November 24) seems to be mixing hate with reason. He mentions and implies that the Russian victory on the Eastern Front was owing to American aid and Hitler's folly. If the Eastern Front had collapsed in 1941—as many of us thought it would do at the time—or the Communist Government had fled beyond the Urals to await developments and opportunities, it does not need much imagination to realise the immense damage and casualties these German armies would have inflicted on the Allied Forces on all the other fronts. The Germans may have fought the Allies to a standstill, presenting a first-class opportunity to the exiled communists.

We are continually told that the Russians are realists if nothing else. This being so, they realise a united Germany, backed by American material aid, and their forces facing one front, the East, could possibly be hammering at Moscow in a very short space of time. Nothing will come of any talks, and nothing can be done by either side to impose their will on the other. The final victory will be with the system which provides the greatest industrial wealth for its peoples in which the mass of the people are primarily concerned.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool GEORGE BAMBER

Persian Oil

Sir,—May I be allowed to supplement what I venture to describe as the excellent review (THE LISTENER, December 1) by Mr. S. Hillelson of Mr. Elwell-Sutton's book, *Persian Oil*? But first I must declare my interest. I was in charge of British interests in Persia for over six years, from 1939 to 1946, and must, therefore, share responsibility for British policy and conduct in relation to Persian affairs.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, and it is good that whenever it falls from righteousness it should be criticised and summoned to repentance. Only, one wants to know whether the prophet-critic is using his head as well as his feelings, and whether his facts are correct. I submit that Mr. Elwell-Sutton falls far below this standard. Let me give some evidence in support of my contention.

(1) There are two mistakes about the Russo-Persian Treaty of 1921 (pages 37 and 225). It does not say that no concessions in the former 'Russian' area were to be granted to any third power, but that the Persian Government would not cede to any third power or its subjects the concessions or property restored to Persia in virtue of that treaty. Secondly, the Soviet right to send troops into Persia was not as stated by the author, since it was greatly limited by an exchange of letters which defined the justification as (to compress a long passage) any movement to restore the Tsarist regime.

(2) The passage about the Shaikh of Mohammerah on page 59 suggests that the British premise to protect his rights was unconditional. That is not correct.

(3) The author (page 285) describes the closing by the Persian Government of all the British Consulates in Persia as reducing Britain to equal status with Persia, which had only one consulate in Britain (London). Not so. The status of Britain was that it was allowed to have only one consulate in Persia; the status of Persia was that it could have all the consulates in Britain that it needed, though in fact it had never asked for more than one.

(4) On page 220 he dismisses the A.I.O.C. argument based on the clause in the Convention which said the terms should not be altered. There was, he says, no question of altering the terms: the concession as a whole had become invalid as the result of a change in overall national policy. Whether this is sound or not, why ignore the beginning of the clause which provided that the Convention should not be annulled by the Persian Government?

(5) References on pages 196 and 310 might suggest that Kashani and General Zahedi were guiltless of the charge of collaboration with the Germans. The Persian press, which the author presumably reads, has reported Kashani's repeated boasts that he was a German agent; General Zahedi has never denied the charge, which rested at the time on irrefutable evidence and has been confirmed by a former German agent in Persia, Schulze-Holthus, in his book *Daybreak in Iran*. Both these men were doubtless fulfilling a patriotic duty, but fortunately the British prevented them and their like from dragging their country into a situation where it might have ended the war on the defeated side.

Of the seven errors I have mentioned, five are to the detriment of the British, one to the advantage of Soviet Russia. Only one is just a plain mistake. I find a similar bias in the passage about events in 1946, where the uninformed reader could not possibly elucidate the simple fact that when the date arrived by which the British and Soviet forces, under the 1942 Treaty with Persia, were to be withdrawn, the last of the British forces left on that day, while the Soviet Government kept forces in Persia until it had squeezed out of the Persian Prime Minister a promise to bring in a bill setting up a Soviet-Persian oil company. The date is not mentioned, nor the fact that the British kept their word; the Soviet breach of agreement is obscured.

Mr. Elwell-Sutton sneers at the A.I.O.C. (page 140) for buying up all the available wheat in the province in September 1942 and boasting in 1943 that it was supplying wheat to three times the number of its own employees. By 1943 the A.I.O.C. was doing, with the approval of the British Government, what it continued to do: supplying the whole of the oil area with wheat brought from Australia on returning tankers.

The dust cover of this book states that the writer is Lecturer in Persian in the University of Edinburgh. It would be unfortunate if the public took the book to be an example of Edinburgh scholarship. Mr. Elwell-Sutton was not trained as a historian, but as a linguist (by the way, he twice says 'substituted by' instead of 'replaced by'. You replace A by B; you substitute B for A). But even a linguist might check his references and try to balance his judgements. Mr. Elwell-Sutton's failure to do so has resulted in a book which is about as academic and objective as the speeches made in India by Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev.—Yours, etc.,

Dry Sandford R. W. BULLARD

The Chinese Government and the U.N.

Sir,—Mr. Judd makes it perfectly clear that he still wants to hand over the people of Formosa to the communists. To communise Formosa would be an act of criminal folly, the evil consequences of which would be incalculable. It means war. The communists know this and are preparing. They have built five new airfields opposite Formosa. These are now in operation. Two others are nearly ready. A vast labour force working night and day have built two new railways to supply these airfields. Great new roads have been constructed. Tens of thousands of troops have been transferred to Fukeim and adjacent provinces near Formosa.

Recently Marshal Peng Tet-huai, Minister of Defence, said: 'It was their unshakeable will to liberate Formosa and called on the servicemen to prepare for that task'. It all means war.

Next, Mr. Judd wants Communist China admitted to the United Nations. I asked him to produce a single clause or article in the Charter that would allow this. He has failed to do it. As an aggressor they are not eligible. His case is that they are the Government and represent the people of China. I deny this. They do not. They were put into power by the treachery of the Russians and not by the Chinese people. The Russians gave the communists colossal military aid in violation of a treaty signed by Molotov whereby military help was to be given exclusively to the Nationalists. They handed over to the communists all the tremendous Japanese military stores. This completely changed the situation. The American General Chennault on the spot describes it thus:

The poorly armed Chinese communists who marched north the year before now swarmed south armed with Japanese rifles, machine guns, mortars, tanks, and artillery with sufficient material to supply a million men for ten years fighting.

That finished it. Particularly as General Marshall put a ban on the supply of all military materials and equipment to the Nationalist forces. With this colossal military aid from the Russians the communists seized power and not by any election by the Chinese people. The Russians have kept them in power ever since. There has been tremendous resistance by the people in all parts of China. Only a few months ago Shih Liang, Minister of Justice, reported that between January 1954 and May 1955 the People's Courts had dealt with no less than 364,604 cases of counter-revolutionaries. To admit them to the United Nations could only be done by abandoning every moral principle held dear by every civilised country throughout the world and by adopting the doctrine that 'might is right'. Is this fathered by the United Nations Association? Their admission would bring consternation and despair to every country in Asia and elsewhere that is struggling for freedom and democracy. It would be the death knell of the United Nations as a moral force in the world.—Yours, etc.,

Bishop's Stortford

GEORGE DALLAS

Understanding America

Sir,—Mr. Lindsay puts his finger on a sad truth in the final paragraph of his talk 'Understanding America' (THE LISTENER, December 1). He wishes that thousands of English people could share his experience and learn the 'other America'—that is to say the average, ordinary citizen, living the same life and faced with many of the same problems as ourselves.

My wish is that the powers that be could also share Mr. Lindsay's wish and start doing something about it. Our two countries can never really sympathise with one another until they know one another better; and that means freedom to travel and visit each other; something very far removed from the one-way tourist traffic existing at the moment.

Before the war it was perhaps unfortunate that very few English people went to America at all. Nowadays, surely, it is vital that they should do so. But instead of encouraging us to go, it is almost easier, and certainly less embarrassing, to visit friends in Moscow than relatives in New York. Small wonder that most of us judge America solely from the tourists and 'occupational soldiery' that we happen to meet—not forgetting such films as Hollywood sees fit to send us. And Heaven help any country so judged.—Yours, etc.,

Smarden

BARBARA DE SEYSSSEL



The man who can't save money

That's the man in the bowler. "Can't save a penny," he says—and believes it; though he is, in fact, one of Britain's most stalwart savers. Because of a simple decision he made some years ago, he is saving and buying security almost without knowing it—he is buying Life Assurance.

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The Reith Lectures

Sir,—Dr. Pevsner now seems to pretend that I should have known he considers Wadham chapel a case of Gothic Survival. How was I to know? He has hitherto ignored it, relevant though it be. Moreover, he now argues that of two Gothic collegiate buildings both designed under James I, one could be a case of Revival, the other of Survival; whereas two Parisian churches, both substantially erected under Francis I, and Orleans Cathedral, begun some seventy years later, under Henry IV, are all cases of Survival. With such juggling, how can one write helpful history?

Some of the evidence which Dr. Pevsner requests on Wadham was in fact published by Mr. Arthur Oswald in an excellent article in *Country Life* for November 3. If Mr. Oswald is right, the mason-architect of Wadham could use either a Late Elizabethan or a pure Perpendicular manner. Mr. Oswald thinks that he was happier in the latter, but I am not sure that I should entirely agree. He seems to me to have been pretty detached—even, perhaps, a ‘revivalist’ on Dr. Pevsner’s definition.

In my last letter I said I understood Dr. Pevsner to suppose conservatism and detachment ‘peculiarly English’ qualities. By omitting my word ‘peculiarly’, Dr. Pevsner fathers false logic upon me. He now admits that conservatism can be found in some important French and Italian works. The English examples of it that he has given are as isolated as the continental. But, in his third lecture, would he have devoted so much space to English conservatism and detachment, had he thought then that England merely shared these tendencies with the two artistic leaders of Europe?

Dr. Pevsner actually taxes me with denying English conservatism altogether. Had he read my last letter, he would have seen that I there doubted the existence not of English conservatism but of the kinds of angularity and linearity which Dr. Pevsner was foisting on the English, and for which Perpendicular flat roofs and Flaxman afford poor evidence.

Dr. Pevsner’s logic is not mine. For instance, I have pored over the fourth paragraph of his sixth lecture. I suspect that it contains a grave error. But I cannot be sure. For it makes no sense to me as it stands.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge HUGH PLOMMER

Sir,—Dr. Pevsner is to be congratulated on his Reith Lectures since he has performed so ably, and with such a wealth of scholarship, the difficult task of proving that the ideals of such architects as Thorpe, Webb, Wren, Inigo Jones, Gibbs, Holland, Chambers, Adam, etc. are un-English. Also because he has enabled us to taste the sweets of revenge. Determined attempts used to be made to prove that England was Mitteleuropa; for example, the Germans exerted themselves to show that Shakespeare was a German. Now we know beyond any reasonable shadow of doubt that the opposite is the case; namely that Mitteleuropa is really England.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 BERTRAM HUME

Indo-European Culture

Sir,—While supporting Mrs. Lowe’s plea for closer collaboration between students of archaeology, folk-lore, and philology in the study of Indo-European origins and survivals, might I suggest that the net be flung wider to include students of English literature. Ophelia’s funeral provides material for the folk-lorist and archaeologist: the Derbyshire ceremony of the Castleton Garlanding and the medieval poem ‘Sir Gawain and the Green Knight’ are mutually illuminating: mumming plays combine folk-lore, comparative religion, and drama. Cross-fertilisa-

tion among these various subjects would be of great value, not least in breaking down the increasingly rigid barriers of academic study.

Yours, etc.,

Wolverhampton MICHAEL M. RIX

Parliament and the Courts

Sir,—May I be allowed to make certain comments on Professor Street’s broadcast entitled ‘Parliament and the Courts’, published in THE LISTENER of November 24? The Act making it a misdemeanour, to refuse to appear before a congressional committee or to answer pertinent questions, to which Professor Street refers, was passed not to give recusant witnesses a right to be tried by a jury but to enable heavier penalties to be inflicted on them than it was in the power of Congress to inflict. Moreover, according to a writer in the *Columbia Law Review*, in only one case has a federal court set aside the conviction of such a witness on the ground that the question asked was not pertinent. On the other hand, the practice of leaving the punishment of recusant witnesses to the courts involves very lengthy proceedings and may even defeat the object which the House has in view, viz., that of compelling the witness to give evidence. The reason why the privilege of refusing to answer incriminating questions is not accorded to witnesses in parliamentary inquiries was thus explained by Sir Samuel Romilly. ‘The object’, he said, ‘was very different from that of courts of justice, and therefore the House could not be bound by the same ties’.

Professor Street says that ‘Englishmen whose personal freedom is threatened (even by parliament) ought not lightly to be deprived of a trial by one of Her Majesty’s judges sitting with a jury’. I suggest that the power of judges, sitting without a jury, to punish contempt of court—a jurisdiction described by that great judge, Sir George Jessel, as ‘practically arbitrary and unlimited’—constitutes a graver threat to the personal freedom of Englishmen.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 L. A. ABRAHAM

Sir,—Professor Harry Street, in ‘Parliament and the Courts’, appearing in THE LISTENER of November 24, makes reference to prices ‘prescribed’ by this Association. This is unfortunate and entirely misleading. The Association has no such concern with prices. Neither the establishment of list prices, nor their variation from time to time is in any way affected by the Association, but is the sole individual responsibility of each manufacturer member. He is required by the Association’s rule to certify annually that he does not undertake with other manufacturers to adopt a common price on products to be price-maintained by the Association.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 W. L. RICKETTS
Information Officer,
The British Motor Trade Association

The Eleven-plus Examination

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. Lloyd-Jones, wants to know if there are any rational arguments in favour of comprehensive secondary schools. Here, for a start, are four.

(1) Human potentialities have been shown to be so diverse, and the differences between child and child in the spread of ability from high to low is so small, that any attempt to cut through an age-group of children selectively in order to segregate them for years afterwards in different types of school is itself irrational.

(2) Segregation is leading to heavy losses on both flanks. Many who survive the selection tests fail miserably in their grammar schools; many who do not, later prove themselves capable of higher education. Hence the system of segrega-

tion results in heavy wastage both in children and in our deployment of specialist teaching resources. The current shortage of skilled personnel makes it particularly important that this wastage should stop.

(3) In their attempt to accommodate themselves to an artificial situation, grammar schools and modern schools are merging into each other. Grammar schools are incorporating general courses for their less able children and modern schools providing specialist courses for their more able children. The logical end of this process is the comprehensive school.

(4) Great strain is being imposed on junior children by the competitive element in selection. The shadow settles over them as early as seven-plus years. Distortions of junior education from fear of the examination results are legion.

Your correspondent is standing on his head. It is those who support segregation who today find themselves short of rational arguments in view of our increased knowledge of the effects of segregation.

Yours, etc.,

Isleworth JAMES HEMMING

‘Granville Barker’

Sir,—I was glad to read Mr. Purdom’s reply to your reviewer’s strange comment on one of the most attractive men it has ever been my good fortune to know. ‘He owed everything to Shaw’. How much did Shaw owe to him? As an undergraduate at Cambridge I read *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* and *Three Plays for Puritans*, and said like everyone else at the end of the nineteenth century: ‘Very clever of course, but quite unactable’. It was Barker who proved they could be acted and by his productions at the Court Theatre made Shaw the idol of young London. I doubt whether there had been anything comparable to the enthusiasm of those audiences since Shakespeare took London by storm in the nineties of the sixteenth century. And Barker the actor, with his entrancingly beautiful voice, seemed to us as wonderful as the plays he interpreted for us. I can see him still as the poet in ‘Candida’, as Jack Tanner in ‘Man and Superman’, as the mad priest in ‘John Bull’s other Island’.

But for such success, as for the revolutionary productions of Shakespeare later, a time of peace and plenty was an essential condition. And neither Mr. Purdom nor the reviewer appears to realise the responsibility of the first world war and the disturbed years that followed for Barker’s leaving the stage. It was after this that I came to know him personally; and I knew him intimately but I never detected anything either ‘snobbish’ or ‘petulant’ about him. On the contrary, he was the most companionable of men, full of merriment and high spirits, but dead earnest about the things he cared for most, the National Theatre and the greatest of English dramatists. A strange review, I say!

Yours, etc.,

Balerno J. DOVER WILSON

Bruckner’s Seventh Symphony

Sir,—Introducing Klemperer’s two performances of Bruckner’s Seventh Symphony, the Third Programme announcer said (December 2 and 3): ‘The version of the work to be played tonight is Bruckner’s original one which is published by the Bruckner Society . . .’. In the event, Klemperer adhered even more closely to the recent *second revised version* than did Karl Böhm at the last Salzburg Festival. As I made clear in my article ‘Bruckner v. Bruckner v. Wagner’ (THE LISTENER, November 24), this latest reading denies the authenticity of the original version. Both scores are published by the Bruckner Society.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3 HANS KELLER

Art

Eighteenth-century Tastes

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

THE recent winter exhibitions at the Royal Academy have been lavish in general effect but patchy and eccentric in detail. The new exhibition, however, has been planned coherently and, what is more, carried through successfully. The selection committee (Mr. Ralph Edwards, Mr. Brinsley Ford, and Mr. Clifford Musgrave) has divided 'English Taste in the Eighteenth Century' into five phases and exemplified each phase with a wide-ranging but apt choice of objects. Furniture has been given first place, supported by an admirable choice of porcelain, tapestries, sculpture, paintings, and silver. The pedagogic clarity of the divisions—Baroque, Rococo, Chinoiserie, Gothic, 'Neo-Classic'—has been filled with the sure sensuousness of experienced connoisseurs. As far as possible objects that are full, un-mixed examples of each style have been selected.

Thus, under conditions of stylistic purity, we can follow taste from the massive animistic furniture of William Kent (crowded with satyr masks, eagle terminals, and goats' hooves) to the slim forms and taut surfaces of neo-classic furniture. Between the early and late phases there is the dexterous, foliated, and curvilinear Rococo, common to Queen Charlotte's furniture, Chelsea Red and Gold Anchor porcelain, Gainsborough, and glittering mirrors. The novelty of the exhibition is the sections on

Gothic and Chinoiserie which, though smaller than the other sections, are treated as autonomous styles. The exotic and revived styles of the eighteenth century can now be given their due as well as the main stream of craftsmen and designer-heroes (Kent, Chippendale, Adam). Modern research on these aspects of the 'age of reason' has never before been so extensively used for a public exhibition of comparable importance.

Mid-Georgian Gothic is well covered by representative pieces. There is a mirror designed by Horace Walpole from Strawberry Hill, a lectern from the chapel at Audley End, chairs from Arbery designed for the gothiciser Sir Roger Newdigate, a door and stoup from James Wyatt's lately demolished Lee Priory, and an enormous gothic *trompe l'oeil* of fan vaulting from the chapel at The Wyne, painted by Spiridone Roma. Unlike the Gothic taste, Chinoiserie was not restricted to England nor was it a purely eighteenth-century phenomenon. It began in the preceding century, as can be seen in the Portuguese exhibition in the adjoining galleries at the Academy. However, it was revived keenly in the middle of the century to constitute, with the Gothic, a body of anti-classicism. The fictions of Chinoiserie had little or no basis in oriental fact but they gave a location and a subject to the patrons and designers who wished to oppose or, at least, contrast the iconography and aesthetics of the humanistic grand manner.

This stress on anti-classical aspects of eighteenth-century taste (better expressed in Gothic and Chinoiserie than in the Rococo which was fairly moderate in England) suggests that modern taste is changing. To mention one factor: the rise in the prestige of the nineteenth century, after Lytton Strachey was presumed to have disposed of it, was bound

to alter our view of the eighteenth century. There is more between the eighteenth century and ourselves now than a few monuments of Victorian engineering; there is everything that Sir Kenneth Clark, John Betjeman, Nikolaus Pevsner, and John Piper, to name a few, have taught us to see. Mr. Piper, for example, was attracted first by the Brighton Pavilion and, later, by Victorian 'pubs': a sympathy with Regency exoticism logically stretched to include late-nineteenth-century intricacy and display.

It is possible that the popular taste for the eighteenth century is nearing exhaustion, not only at the Academy (which has put on two consecutive eighteenth-century exhibitions) but everywhere else. The modern taste for Georgian taste has been going strong for years: England, in-

doors and out, shows its pervasive influence. Leaving aside Victorian Rococo and caricature, there is the 'Queen Anne' style, started by Norman Shaw eighty years ago. Since then we have seen the prim Georgian of the suburban post office, the eclectic glamour of interior decorator's Georgian, the Staffordshire pottery craze, the continued demand for Wedgwood ware: this, and much more, testifies to a widespread interest, that touches all social levels. English film-makers frequently provide impressive Georgian *décor* as a fit setting for their stars, and the Presi-



The Gothic Room in the Royal Academy exhibition of 'English Taste in the Eighteenth Century'

dent of the Royal Academy himself, Professor A. E. Richardson, has bestowed on blocks of new flats miles and miles of Georgian window-frames and glazing bars.

In addition, who has escaped the formidable popular literature? *Country Life*, for example, has splendidly documented the possessions of the aristocracy with their fine Georgian houses or, at least, Georgian wings. A series of books published by Batsford has, unconsciously but persistently, equated love of country with appreciation of the craftsmanship of the seventeenth-hundreds. Sacheverell Sitwell, in his best-selling *British Architects and Craftsmen*, has described the work of Kent to a public that would have embarrassed Kent's patron the Earl of Burlington.

The actual evidence of eighteenth-century interests and imitations is insufficient for Professor Richardson, who presents this exhibition as a lesson. He believes in the existence of firm criteria of taste and craftsmanship which unified the eighteenth century and which could unify the twentieth century. 'The present age', he writes in the preface to the catalogue, 'is ready to be re-endowed with taste in which every member of the community can share'. It is doubtful, however, if one unifying principle could be imposed on the entire community, let alone arise spontaneously. As Professor Richardson's own exhibition shows, there was no such conformity even in the eighteenth century, when such a powerful style as the Rococo was at its height. Professor Richardson's eighteenth century seems to be ideal rather than historical, with the clash of styles and differences of taste tamed to mellifluous order. It is surely fallacious to treat the eighteenth century as if it were an ultimate source of aesthetic criteria. It makes the 'golden age' of taste a Golden Age indeed, an Eden without people.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Geoffrey Dawson and our Times

By John Evelyn Wrench

Foreword by the Earl of Halifax.

Hutchinson. 30s.

FEW MEN WHO have held positions of comparable responsibility have been misrepresented to a greater degree than Geoffrey Dawson. In some cases this has been done maliciously; for example, in that of efforts to prove him 'second-rate', which serve only to reveal that the third-rate are poor judges of the boundary between the second and the first. For the most part, however, the misrepresentation has been unconscious. Those who want to learn something about the real man will find a good deal in these pages. They will, in fact, learn more from himself than from the author because the basis of the work is formed by his own diaries.

Sir Evelyn Wrench has done his work smoothly, and the only criticism of his comments is that they are too few and at times not forceful enough. One example on a minor point must suffice. Dawson's work on the memoir of Northcliffe for the *D.N.B.* is mentioned, but without a word of its magnanimity or qualities of evocation and illumination. Nor, because this does not emerge in Dawson's private or public writing, do we observe the thin veneer of cynicism often exhibited in his talk, covering complete fundamental sincerity.

Diaryist and author in combination do, however, bring out one characteristic which is the first to appeal to those who worked under him and which they are astonished to find so little apparent in most of what has been written about him. He was a superlative journalist. He was as good at getting a scoop as the brightest editor of the most popular daily. He was an excellent writer. He was quick-thinking and quick to act. All the business was at his fingers' ends. He did a great deal of work which editors commonly leave to other hands. On April 28, 1939, for instance, when Hitler had answered President Roosevelt in the Reichstag, Dawson recorded: 'To the office to read the speech carefully . . . I decided to give the whole text and sub-edited it myself'. He was constantly doing things himself. A senior subordinate once remarked: 'I claim to be the second-best writer of headlines in the office—obviously the Editor is the best'.

The highlights of the biography are the two world wars, the breach with Northcliffe which resulted in Dawson's resignation soon after the first, the abdication of King Edward VIII, and most of all the years of appeasement. Few have criticised *The Times* respecting the wars. The collision between the proprietor who did so much for the newspaper and the editor was due to the latter's refusal to remain in the chair without editorial freedom. On the abdication it is generally agreed that *The Times* was right all through, but Dawson's final leader on the crisis still reads rather harshly. The appeasement of the Axis will always be debated without agreement. Some may blame *The Times* less for its policy in those years than for giving the impression that it was looking for a lead, certainly not Dawson's practice on other questions.

Two men greatly influenced Dawson: Milner, in whose 'kindergarten' he had worked in South Africa, and Lord Halifax. The difference was that his regard for Milner was filial, whereas he encouraged and criticised Lord Halifax. Yet there is no doubt that Halifax inspired him over the Indian reforms, just as Dawson and *The Times* played a decisive part

in inducing the tory party to accept them. In his handling of the Ulster crisis he showed his ability, as a young and newly installed editor, to back an explosive cause and at the same time diminish the risk of an explosion.

The allegation that he was weak on home affairs is in part correct, but in part only. He was concerned that Labour should be given its chance of experience in government and that there should be no 'ganging up' to prevent this. The worst weakness was on unemployment. It may be said that this was universal, but *The Times* ought to have shown more imagination, even if Government and country lacked it. The word 'unemployment' is barely mentioned here, and it must be presumed that if Sir Evelyn Wrench had found illuminating entries in the diaries he would have quoted them.

Dawson took plenty of time off for the activities and relaxations of a country gentleman and sportsman at his Yorkshire home. Yet it was not enough to loosen the strain to which he subjected himself. He wore himself out prematurely by excessive work of the most arduous sort. He made mistakes, but he stuck to his ideals, at the head of which stood the welfare of the Commonwealth.

Studies in Class Structure

By G. D. H. Cole.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

That complex societies are divided into a hierarchy of social classes is a fact of immediate apprehension to any student of social life. Social class can indeed be considered the warp of English existence, and has been assiduously described and exploited by English novelists over the last two centuries. But when an attempt is made to translate this immediate apprehension into more objective and statistical terms, the researcher is faced with enormous difficulties, for the hierarchy of class does not correspond in a one-to-one relationship with any other social hierarchy—income, years of full-time education, profession or occupation, or ancestry (save for the statistically insignificant upper class). The six essays in the volume under review are Professor Cole's most recent attempts to deal with this knotty and fundamental problem.

There are two main themes in these essays: the changes in British class structure during the past century, and the information on contemporary British class structure which can be extracted from the census of 1951, on the basis of the analysis of one per cent. of the returns published by the Registrar-General. On the first theme, Professor Cole shows that Karl Marx's prophecies have been completely falsified in the event; technological changes and the development of the joint stock company have increased the proportion of the population who are neither owners of the means of production nor direct 'producers' (in the limited sense in which Marx used the terms); far from the 'petty bourgeoisie' being pushed down into the proletariat, as Marx foretold, they have become a major and relatively prosperous section of the population, and, instead of ownership of the means of production being concentrated into fewer and fewer hands, it has been diffused more and more widely. If it is still necessary to refute doctrinaire Marxism, and if there are still Marxists whose minds can be swayed by evidence, Professor Cole has performed a useful service with his customary suavity and fluent style.

The analysis of the census returns by 'socio-economic class' and by 'occupational class' is

detailed and painstaking, but chiefly demonstrates that the categories used by the Registrar-General are inadequate for making satisfactory discriminations, particularly in the middle ranges of the social scale, the Class III group of clerical workers, shop assistants, skilled workers and the like. Professor Cole gives useful indicators for the census-takers of 1961; but his utmost ingenuity can extract only partial information from the information on occupation which the present publication provides.

In the more discursive paper, the longest in the book, on 'Elites in British Society' Professor Cole decides that education is a more reliable criterion than occupation for social class in the important portion of society between the established professions and the skilled workers. His major conclusions on the change in the composition of *élites* in the last century is that the importance of individual education has greatly increased, and that of the status of the parental family greatly decreased, compared with a century ago. This essay is illuminating and informative; the analysis of the membership of the House of Commons by profession over the period is particularly revealing.

The chief criticism of Professor Cole's approach in this volume is that he has completely ignored the social aspect of social class, has concentrated on its usefulness as a concept for the historian and the economist, and passed over the fact that it regulates people's day-to-day lives to a quite remarkable degree, their leisure even more than their work. He makes no reference to the voluminous studies of Lloyd Warner, Alison Davis, Robert Havighurst and their associates in the United States, with their analysis of the social classes of whole communities by the criteria of commensality and voluntary associations. He also does not refer to the studies made by Roy Lewis and Angus Maude for Britain. The book was probably in press before Geoffrey Gorer's *Exploring English Character* appeared; that study answers the query Professor Cole raises more than once of the British individual's ability and willingness to describe his own social class. There seems no reason why such a direct question should not find a place in the next census form.

John Whitgift and the Reformation

By Powel Mills Dawley. Black. 15s.

The sixteenth century has been much exposed to biographers, but they have shown a strong preference for the familiar subjects. Once one leaves the charmed circle—Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Thomas More, Mary Queen of Scots—the ground appears much less cultivated and a good deal of it is in its pristine state. It is not therefore surprising, though none the less unsatisfactory, to find that Elizabeth's bishops have been virtually left to moulder since John Strype did his run through them. By way of cause of this, or effect, or both, the Elizabethan Church has had a bad press. Much attacked in its time by zealous Puritan and missionary Catholic, it has ever since continued to suffer charges of secularism, time-serving, and moral weakness without doing much answering back. Yet men like the sensible Parker, the gentle Grindal, the purposeful Cox, the vigorous Whitgift, deserve the attention of serious historians.

Professor Dawley therefore earns much gratitude by devoting himself to one of whom few people know more than that Elizabeth called him her little black father and that Burleigh accused him of introducing into England some-

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ing like the Spanish Inquisition. Even this is to restrict the extent of Whitgift's acquaintance to a very small group. He was a man of some sort of greatness. No profound scholar, no saint, not even an attractive clergyman, he yet merits respect as a man of principle who knew his mind and did his job. It is probable that he rescued England from premature domination by the followers of Geneva: if Whitgift had never lived, the Church of England might easily have been Puritan before Elizabeth died, with the result that neither Anglicanism nor Nonconformity, as we know them, could have developed. One may approve his work or not, but one cannot deny its importance and therefore the importance of the man.

Admittedly, in this little book (the Hale Lectures for 1953), Professor Dawley does not complete his study of either the man or his work. This is a preview to the larger book on Whitgift which is yet to follow. But already he makes one hope that those wider labours may find an early conclusion, for few books have appeared in recent years which treat of the established Church of the sixteenth century with such judicious fairness and such a lucid understanding of the issues involved. Professor Dawley not only restores Whitgift's reputation as a churchman, an academic, and a politician; he also succeeds in setting his story in a thoroughly sound and successful interpretation of the Henrician Reformation and the changes which arose from it.

The Lord of the Rings. Vol. 1, The Fellowship of the Ring; Vol. 2, The Two Towers; Vol. 3, The Return of the King. By J. R. R. Tolkien. Allen and Unwin. 21s. each.

To understand the merits and limitations of this colossal faery romance by the Merton Professor of English Language and Literature, it is worth reading its modest predecessor *The Hobbit*. In that story, evolved in the nineteen-thirties for the delight of his children when young, Tolkien created the *genus* Hobbits, fat in the stomach, dressed in bright colours, with naturally leathery poles to their feet and curly hair above, which makes shoes unnecessary, a people smaller than dwarves but very much larger than lilliputians. He created the gentle country of the Shire and many of the fearsome regions that lie without its borders and Bilbo Baggins who won the Ring of Rings by clever riddle-work.

The Hobbit is a children's story that can be read by adults without embarrassment. *The Lord of the Rings* is an adult story of the same land and the same people that can be read, with skilful skipping, by children. It is the self-conscious attempt of a man steeped in the literature of romance and fairy story to write a twentieth-century faery romance. The impulse behind it may be rather similar to that which has led to the efflorescence of science fiction, the evolution of internally coherent possible worlds, because the contemporary world is too drab a playground for the exercise of the imagination. But the Middle Earth which over the years Professor Tolkien has elaborated is very different from the stage sets which the science fiction writers have erected in the spiral nebulae. What is excellent in Tolkien's account of the Middle Earth is that it is concrete, detailed, and matter of fact. It carefully avoids Wind of the Willowiness. But the fault of over-authentication, the vice of donnishness, is apparent through the book, and most blatant in the concluding volume with its appendices running to over a hundred closely printed pages.

The main theme of *The Lord of the Rings* is comparatively simple. The ring which, in *The Hobbit*, Bilbo Baggins succeeded in acquiring, is

revealed as The Ring of Rings, belonging to the Dark Lord of Mordor, the despot of the Middle Earth. Tolkien's conception of this ring is subtle. It has the property of making the wearer invisible, but if anyone else uses it he becomes permanently slightly less visible. Even its possession without use leads to what Bilbo Baggins describes as a 'thinness'. So when the Dark Lord sends his riders in search of the ring, the plot of *The Hobbit* is repeated with his nephew Frodo Baggins, but so to speak in reverse. For Frodo has to leave the Shire in order to prevent the Dark Lord getting the ring or venting his anger on the Beloved Shire. Yet the only advantage that lies in the possession of the ring which Bilbo got at such great danger is to deny its possession to the Dark Lord.

It is impossible to decide what will be the judgement of posterity on *The Lord of the Rings*. Like any challenging book, it has made friends who will defend its every part, down to the last parenthesis in the last digression; and it has won enemies who will deny it any merit, maintaining that its prose is a sort of William-Morrisy folk-weave, which degenerates into blank verse and that its invention is academically donnish, such as the people called Bounders and a month named Winterfilth.

The truth probably lies between these extremes. In Tolkien's humour there is a tang of the library (so what?) and the Shire is not far distant from North Oxford. But The Ring of Rings, which is the symbol of absolute power and which corrupts all possessors, is for our time magically what the Holy Grail was for Mallory's. Tolkien has succeeded wonderfully in his attempt to write a twentieth-century faery romance for adults; though the time will obviously come when it will be edited down for children. It is quite possible that when this happens, many adults of the sort who now fight shy of the cumbrous digressions will discover that Tolkien is a master of suspense and solid, leisurely invention.

Studies in Social History. Edited by J. H. Plumb. Longmans. 21s.

This book has been produced as a tribute to Dr. Trevelyan who is approaching his eightieth birthday, and it is a worthy one. Mr. Plumb has assembled a lively team, and if his editorship is not impeccable (there are some repetitions in the articles and they might perhaps all have been pruned to make room for another contribution) his own essay is outstanding. For some years now Mr. Plumb has been researching in the Walpole papers from Houghton which have been put at his disposal by their owner. In his essay on 'The Walpoles: Father and Son' he gives an exceptionally illuminating result of his researches. He contrasts the character and habits of the father, 'Colonel Robert Walpole', who was a country gentleman and an M.P., with the man who has been called—wrongly in Mr. Plumb's view—our first Prime Minister. 'In many ways Walpole was', he writes, 'the last royal favourite . . . more akin to Tudor or Stuart statesmen than to Victorian party leaders'. He has shown how while the father was perforce economical in his spending habits—except when seeking to buy control of his parliamentary seat—the son was from the beginning grossly extravagant, confident that he was going to be a great man and could afford to be lavish. Mr. Plumb refutes the view that Walpole died poor and shows how his fortune was built out of his offices, sometimes by dubious means.

Perhaps the second most absorbing essay in the book is that by Professor Habakkuk on 'Daniel Finch, 2nd Earl of Nottingham: His House and Estate'. Here again the author has had access to unpublished material in private

hands. Professor Habakkuk deals with the way in which Nottingham built and paid for his house of Burley-on-the-Hill. He shows that Nottingham, like Walpole, amassed capital out of his public office and perquisites: the surprising thing is he was willing to give them up. The other essays consist of a study of Nicholas Roscarrock, a sixteenth-century recusant, and his *Lives of the Saints*, a typical example of Mr. Rowse's best Cornish scholarship, and an article entitled 'An Elizabethan Provincial Town: Leicester', by Dr. Hoskins, a typical example of Dr. Hoskins' best Leicestershire scholarship. Neither strikes a particularly novel note, but are agreeable investigations of life as it was lived nearly 400 years ago. Professor Notestein contributes a study of 'The English Woman, 1580 to 1650', which causes one to reflect whether she was much different from what she is today, except that she rarely chose her own husband. Miss Wedgwood writes on 'Comedy in the Reign of King Charles I', and the book concludes with two studies in more modern history.

These last two contributions are a little disappointing. Dr. Kitson Clark has written about 'The Romantic Element, 1830 to 1850'. Both his observations and his conclusions are somewhat elusive. Mr. Noel Annan concerns himself to show that an intellectual aristocracy has governed—and still governs—England since the Victorian age. But is it really so surprising that intellectuals marry intellectuals and have intellectual brothers-in-law?

The History of Man: from the First Human to Primitive Culture and Beyond. By Carleton Coon. Cape. 28s.

Archaeology and anthropology have made such strides in the last generation that any good writer who keeps to the facts has an exciting story to tell. The theme of this book is nothing less than the chequered career of Man from his first strivings to keep alive down to his present muddled, but on the whole well-intentioned, attempts to behave as a civilised creature. The author, who writes from the United States, is well known for his professional researches.

Inevitably one is reminded of the synoptic view taken by H. G. Wells' *Outline of History* years ago. Wells' influential book stirred the thoughts of the reader with its insight and fire. Professor Coon's book makes a rather lesser impact, but it does have the great advantage of being possessed of the facts added in recent years. It is split up into many short sections with head-line titles, such as 'Homo Sapiens, the Baby Faced Man', 'Healing—the Oldest Profession', 'Man Toys with the Forces of Nature'. The first 300 pages take us to the birth of the Middle Ages, the remaining 100 pages bring us to the present day. The geographical range includes civilisations, and also primitive tribal societies, in all parts of the world. There are numerous illustrations and this book is glossier than Wells', but it is only half the length.

Human history, writes Professor Coon, 'falls naturally into four phases'. In the first *Homo sapiens* emerges as biologically victorious among his rivals in the family of the Primates. In phase two he spread round the world as a simple hunter. Phase three saw the beginning of cultivation, and thereafter villages, early empires, and the whole gamut of technical inventions from the Bronze Age to electricity. We are now faced with a new situation in phase four: the breakdown of civilisation is a real possibility, unless we can unify man at a high level of culture. Professor Coon's thesis is not new, but it is clearly and boldly stated. Moreover, the unique and almost incredible epic that comprises human history can never be too often

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scribed, for the lessons to be drawn from it affect us to the very core of our being. Also it sets the petty manoeuvres of politics in the correct perspective.

Most readers will find the earlier chapters the best, for it is the peoples of the Stone and Bronze Ages that the author handles with most confidence and effect. The arts, the tools, the magic, the first rulers, and many of the first growing pains, of these 'dawn' communities are well summarised one by one. It requires

extreme skill to epitomise and condense, rather than to 'can', the details of a theme so vast. The account of the last one thousand years before our day is less successful, and becomes telegraphic. Partly from insufficient space, the judgement and selection weaken. The author's choice produces some odd results. He has only one page to spare for a sub-section dealing with atomic energy and bearing the dramatic title 'Man Approaches a Climax in Cosmic History'. 'Democracy in Athens' gets only a page and a

half, but fourteen pages go to 'Egyptian Civilisation of the Early Bronze Age'. Among other matters underestimated is the contribution by Britain to the Industrial Revolution and to the growth and spread of parliamentary institutions. A vital point which should have been more discussed is that the increase of 'book-larnin' outstrips the growth of wisdom. In spite of such criticisms there is considerable good in this book, which deserves praise for its brave attempt.

New Novels

Faithful are the Wounds. By May Sarton. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The Enormous Shadow. By Robert Harling. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

Children of the Game. By Jean Cocteau. Harvill Press. 12s. 6d.

FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS has already been highly, and with some justice, praised in this country. Its author, Miss Sarton, is a gifted American poet; her subject is the suicide of a politically minded Professor of Literature at Harvard University. It is a serious novel, well written, intelligent, humane, and yet it seems to me unsatisfactory. The difficulty is to say exactly what is wrong with it; in fact I cannot try to without going outside the text and thus seeming, perhaps, unfair.

The book is a *roman à clef* about the suicide of Professor F. O. Matthiessen; but what it gives is a distinctly one-sided and truncated version of that complex story. The suicide of Miss Sarton's Professor Cavan has everything to do with his politics. In Matthiessen's case no such connection has ever been established. The report in the American press on April 1, 1950, that Matthiessen's last letter contained the words: 'I am depressed over world conditions: I am a Christian and a Socialist' was later proved to be a false report. What Matthiessen actually wrote was: 'I have been subject to so many severe depressions during the past few years that I can no longer believe that I can continue to be of use to my profession and my friends'. There was nothing about 'world conditions' or politics. Matthiessen's noticeable depressions dated from the death in 1945 of the painter Russell Cheney, with whom he had shared a house in Maine for eighteen years. No one is, or could be, certain why Matthiessen committed suicide; but the explanation in terms of personal factors makes sense, and the 'political' hypothesis does not.

The first striking thing about Miss Sarton's version of the story is that there is no figure in it representing Russell Cheney. Indeed her Professor Cavan is shown as being virtually incapable of personal relationships. He loves humanity; where individuals are concerned he is inhibited. He is a socialist because of his compassion; his heart as well as his conscience makes him give his time and most of his money to the causes he identifies with the interests of the poor. He is gritty and difficult, but also noble, inspiring, lovable. Of course his socialism, which is extremely left, is 'wrong', but he is a socialist for the right reasons. Edward Cavan is a good, believing man who commits suicide because the things he believes in have not 'worked out'.

Up to a point this character is a convincing one, and it ceases to be convincing at the very point where it ceases to be like Matthiessen. There is no reason whatever for supposing that Matthiessen finally decided that the socialism he believed in had not 'worked out.' Like Edward Cavan, Matthiessen was a socialist of the Fellow Travelling sort, but even after the suicide of Masaryk and the Communist *coup d'état* in

Czechoslovakia, he did not modify a word of praise in the text of his book about that 'democratic republic', although he had the proofs in time to do so. But suppose one forgets Matthiessen. Is it readily conceivable that any American intellectual would take his life just because his socialist hopes had not been fulfilled in Europe? Miss Sarton shows very well how Edward Cavan's suicide makes everyone who knew him at Harvard feel very guilty and responsible. One can well believe that it would have such results—that Matthiessen's suicide did have such results—not only because he was a great teacher and an excellent scholar, but because people who give away their money and take their lives generally make people who hold on to their money and their lives feel that it is somehow their fault.

Again one can easily understand the account Miss Sarton gives at the end of her book of Harvard men being emboldened by the suicide to take a sterner stand than ever for academic liberty against McCarthyism. But she completely misses the irony of this situation: that a man who has spent his life advocating the diminution of freedom in the supposed interests of the proletariat should by his death inspire others to resist the diminution of freedom.

The Enormous Shadow has also to do with politics; but what is confused in Miss Sarton's book is luminously clear in Mr. Harling's. His is not about the Macleans and Pontecorvo in the sense that hers is about Professor Matthiessen, but it is loosely based on those two cases and it deals with the issues which they raise. It is a lighter book than hers, almost a 'thriller' (if that is not by now a pejorative word), a first-class novel of pursuit, but in no way frivolous.

A canny Fleet Street editor sets his best reporter to investigate a Wykehamist Labour M.P., one Matthew Chance, whom he suspects of being a Communist spy. The reporter's work confirms the editor's suspicions, reveals that Chance's American wife is as much a Communist as he, and that both are up to something sinister with a Harwell physicist named Professor Lewis. Taking warning from the journalist's activities, the Chances and Professor Lewis prepare to quit the country before M.I.5 has evidence enough to stop them. I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure by saying whether they succeed.

But the plot is not the whole of the book. Meeting Matthew Chance as pursuer and pursued, the reporter finds himself growing fond of his quarry. He asks himself: Ought I to hate this traitor? Thus he introduces the question of the morality of treason. Kant said, and Mr. R. M. Hare elaborated the point in a recent number of *THE LISTENER*, that a principle to be a moral principle must be a universal one.

But when we talk about treason we seldom commit ourselves to any universal judgement. We do not like people to go over from our side and give secrets to the other; but we like people to come over from the other side and give secrets to us. Many traitors, moreover, are simply failed revolutionaries; if they seize power and become established they become virtuous.

Mr. Harling's reporter sees that the real issue is not one of hating Matthew Chance and condemning his character, but of stopping him from doing harm. Not primarily, that is, a question of right and wrong, but of good and bad. Matthew Chance thinks the extension of Communism the supreme good, and therefore that its claims have priority over other loyalties. The reporter having no high view of Communism stands firmly by the rule of law. Mr. Harling has set out principally to entertain, but he has dealt with the problem of treason much more ably than people who have written solemn books about the subject in the past few years.

Children of the Game is *Les Enfants Terribles* Englished by Miss Rosamond Lehmann. It is a translation which may not satisfy some pedants, for in order to be true to the spirit of the piece Miss Lehmann has sometimes made free with the letter. But pedants should not, in any case, read M. Cocteau; and I believe that anyone with any real appreciation of that audacious *touche-à-tout* will be delighted with what Miss Lehmann has done. *Les Enfants Terribles* is an experimental novel, as much of its time (1929) as of its author. M. Cocteau manipulated language in a manner shocking perhaps (to match a 'shocking' subject), but extraordinarily effective; if also, in the strictest sense, untranslatable. M. Cocteau himself describes the book as poetry in novel form. Only someone like Miss Lehmann, writing English as good as the author's French, could have made anything at all of it; and she has made something uncannily like the original. This edition, moreover, has some clever Cocteau drawings in it, which the original had not.

Also recommended: *Home is the Heart* by Veronica Henriques (Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d.): a bright, fresh book by an author of twenty-three. Full of youthful *savoir vivre*, and wrong, where it is wrong, as only the very young can be—charmingly. *Boy on a Dolphin* by David Divine (Murray, 10s. 6d.): a pleasing comedy of pride and cupidity played by a brisk international cast with the Cyclades always agreeably in sight. *Women Die Twice* by Paule Lafeuille (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.): a deliciously bogus sex-book. Published as an intimate account of woman's experience of the male, but recommended as a comic travesty of the novel of sensibility.

MAURICE CRANSTON

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

An Immediate View

WITH ITS POWER to thrust us into the thick of current controversy, television supersedes the printed word about as completely as the fountain-pen did the quill. In the morning, newspaper headlines scanned at breakfast or in the train; in the evening, the people who made them are brought into our homes; the impact of immediacy plus authority can



Percy Thrower (centre) with two members of the Rhyl and District Horticultural Society in 'Gardening Club' on December 2

occasionally rouse admiration for the ingenuity of it all.

British car exports are a recurring news topic. It may not have agitated many viewers' minds until 'Panorama' demonstrated, last week, the service which television can render as an explanatory medium. In that programme, Woodrow Wyatt was put on to interview representatives of the industry about its overseas sales position now. At the same time, we were given filmed interviews with Swedish salesmen handling British cars and with the head of the German *volkswagen* organisation. In the course of a necessarily rapid survey, we were confronted with the realities of a situation which for many of us had been remote in interest. Now, suddenly, we saw that it might become formidable in both the prestige and fiscal sense, despite the almost bureaucratic caution of Sir Reginald Rootes, speaking from the London end. It was like a visual flashback to the rivalries begotten by the Industrial Revolution, fifty years ago, with all their ominous possibilities.

Here, it may be, is the final mechanised stage of the process of enlightening democracy which began with Gladstone's repeal of the paper duties in 1861. Preceding methods, while ever more freely distributing information, ignored the necessity for encouraging consideration of the nature of evidence or, for that matter, the meaning of words. Television, likewise, will survive by the inclinations rather than by the will of the people, and those inclinations, it seems, are already manifesting themselves uncomfortably in the present alternative service. There,

cerebral inertia has advantages not so vital to the continuance of B.B.C. television.

That factor of inertia might have been purposefully cited in 'Press Conference' with Aneurin Bevan on Friday night, a programme which had to compete with Orson Welles in the other service, a powerful rival in terms of personal appeal. Aneurin Bevan, the socialist with his finger on the people's pulse, derided the newspapermen's obsession with personal gossip and made lively play with it as an arguing point. His demand that policies should be substituted for personalities was unrealistic in the face of, let us say, the falling circulation of the

Daily Herald. People don't want to read about policies; they want to read about people: the formula is as simple as that and is apparently irrevocable. Why blame the newspapers; why not blame the education system? 'There is no political alchemy by which it is possible to obtain golden conduct from leaden instincts'. Polemically, this 'Press Conference' was never impressive but the programme conditions are discouraging, with time always the enemy. Of the antagonists, Henry Fairlie was the most effective because he had a knife in his teeth. The member for Ebbw Vale did not disclose his best powers or that engaging side of his temperament which enables him to laugh at himself. This was an essay in personality which made good television, and some time before the end of the programme I had forgotten all about Orson Welles.

'Special Enquiry', which set out to inform us about the present state of religion in this country, succeeded more explicitly in demonstrating the poverty of thought that characterises the present state of democracy in this country. The absence of mature religious sentiment was somewhat remarkable in a programme of a series which has earned considerable respect from viewers capable of resisting the inclination to go dialling for shoddier stuff. There was too much emphasis on adolescent opinion, with Billy Graham topping that category; better, certainly,

than crude egocentric doubting or militant drum-banging, but seeming to use time and opportunity designed for better employment. There was a place in this programme for news of the living churches, of the great preachers, of examples of the more forceful impact of religion on the life around us. Instead, we were given a pedestrian documentary, one of television's uninspired illustrated articles, with no flourish of enterprise beyond that of help from films and the coaxial cables. The voice of sincerity was constantly heard and we saw the commensurate labours of the devoted, some expressed in the practical form which the times demand: for instance, Govan neighbours redecorating an old man's flat in scandalous tenement surroundings. Pictorial content was more convincing than verbal accompaniment and it was not surprising that Robert Reid gave us a less assured summing up than usual.

The lighting of 'Portrait of a Model' was impeccably good, raising in one's mind the question why that comment is so infrequently justified. A touchy subject, probably, with the lighting engineers who have their own autonomy in the studios. Apparently they hold that bad lighting is bad set manipulation by us viewers. In the programme just mentioned, a studio photographer was one of the key figures, and could it have been his own fastidious requirements which produced the exemplary result? We were to see the 'creation'—ill-used word these days, like 'genius'—of a fashion advertisement, with an attractive young woman displaying the arts of a photographer's model and talking unaffectedly about them. The auspices were puzzling: was it a real or an assumed trade name that inspired the advertisement evolved on our screens? An air of suppressed excitement pervaded the programme, as of a successfully accomplished *coup*, so that one's suspicions were roused, maybe unworthily. Anyhow, the result was an unusually well-turned-out programme, filling an instructive and entertaining half-hour.

My recent reference to the 'picture-house convention' of noisy programme openings has induced a new crop of protests from viewers sharing the distaste expressed here for the vulgar misuse of music on television. One of them, Mr. Frederick Whiting, of Scott's Lane, Shortlands, Kent, has drawn the damning admission from the B.B.C. that 'the use of background music has become a tradition in films over the years and from the evidence it does seem that most people want background music and find it useful in creating atmosphere'. The statement is made in reply to a letter of protest which Mr. Whiting wrote to Sir George Barnes, head of the B.B.C. Television Service.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Juvenile Leadings

IT WAS SOMERSET MAUGHAM who unkindly pointed out that when the policemen began to look like boys it showed it was you who were getting old. Perhaps that does not hold good any more? Perhaps I can console myself that it was the merest accident that almost all the plays and playlets this week seemed to be by, for, and about young people. The season may have something to do with it, we are approaching the great shopping orgy when photographs



As seen by the viewer: photographing Heather Jeffery in 'Portrait of a Model' on November 29
John Cura



Dorice Fordred as the daily woman and Tony Britton as Tom Meredith in 'The Man Who Stoked Cats' on December 1

of large-eyed children racked with cupidty before toyshops become the sentimental vogue.

On closer inspection I see that at least one of the playlets was about Max Beerbohm and not therefore about juvenility: and that the Bernard Brothers at the top of Saturday's music-hall bill can hardly be called chicken any more. Incidentally, both these occasions gave pleasure: the acting of Keith Pyott as 'A. V. Laider' and Richard Hurndall as the younger (if not youthful still incomparable) Max was admirably poised and skilful, and the little anecdote itself, though it had the misfortune to run into an awkward topical ambience, was worth doing. (To cancel it because of the train wreck would have been absurd: one cannot insure against every contingency; we should never have a play at all if they stopped to consider how any line in drama might affect a hypothetical mourner.)

The music-hall bill was much enlivened by the electrifying glee of Zoe Gail and by a trio of Spanish dancers whose art was vividly transmitted. But the Bernard Brothers' act of mugging to gramophone records, which is so very funny in the flesh in the real theatre, does not transmit so well—presumably for the technical reason that in any case on television we feel that sight and sound are to a certain extent deceiving us. Mr. Foa concocted a nice dance and light music programme on Sunday afternoon, and on Sunday night there was some splendid playing from the Belgian National Orchestra—the solo pianist in the Franck Variations, Louis Backx, was a superlative artist.

Max Wall is a comedian who has come far and who could be trusted to rise to the occasion of a solo on Sunday night. A real droll, he must have persuaded many hands to linger on switches before groping over to the Palladium for an orgiastic continuation of the same kind of thing 'on the commercial'; for the play from Glasgow, 'The Black Eye', proved to be one we had seen before (three years ago) and not very good Bridie at that. The effect often was simply of the Groves with Glasgow accents. The 'trailing' of this play on Friday had raised my hopes—and they were not altogether dashed, for the quality of the playing itself was very pleasant; James MacTaggart, Gwyneth Guthrie, Aileen Wilson, Duncan McIntyre, and Ethel Clendinning as the devastatingly sensible Scottish mama—these and

others played easily and naturally together. But David Kossoff is capable of much finer acting than anything he was called on to exhibit here. In truth, the drunk scene, like many such, grew a shade wearisome.

On Thursday, Tony Britton and Josephine Griffin (not to mention an old favourite, Dorice Fordred, as the char) decorated half an hour very happily under Anthony Pelissier's direction in one of those tales whereby hang a tail, to wit 'The Man Who Stoked Cats'. It would have been fun if another view of this addiction—Colette's terrifying story of the jealous cat and the young wife—could have been worked into the same evening.

However, I don't want too much about 'dumb friends'. The Brains Trusters on Sunday seemed to give the green light cheerfully enough (and very pleasantly too, if I may say so) to the obsessional self-identification of children with animals. I expect, as Dr. Julian Huxley said, it is a necessary exercise of the childish imagination, though I confess to having been bored (as an adult) by 'Brother Ass and Brother Lion' in Children's Hour: the monks seemed so silly. But it can reasonably be answered that such playlets are not put on for the old and grouchy. A newer children's play, 'Mountain Ash' by Kenneth Anderson, came into the 'ripping holiday yarn' category, with a mysterious ruin by the shore, smugglers, and Derek Aylward as a somewhat improbable diamond merchant in a kilt. This was tinged with a boyish enthusiasm which carried it through some rather sketchy patches.

Again it was boyish enthusiasm plus what looks like professional skill in 'The Gang Show' which made Tuesday evening one of the liveliest of the week. True, the routines in Ralph Reader's show—Dickens tableaux, the boys dressed up as dowagers, and the usual shuffle dances—are the rinsings of many a tired revue, but they were carried off with such infectious glee that criticism seems as little to the point as it would be at an *old* boy's dinner. Foreigners might think it odd. The audience at

Golders Green evidently thought it wonderful. This, with antics by Scott and Maynard, flanked the 'Special Enquiry' into 'Religion in Britain'. I repeat: a foreigner might have thought it a very odd evening's entertainment.

To revert once more to the Brains Trust, it was agreed on those august settees that humour is tending to become internationally standardised. Is it? For myself I find that the American 'I Married Joan' films and the Burns and Allen Show are the surest laughter-makers of any week. Gracie Allen has been in particularly happy vein. How old is this couple? They seem to have been 'at it' ever since I can remember. I ask, not out of vulgar curiosity, but to persuade myself, in a week so filled with juvenilia, that age really has nothing to do with it. Infinite variety is an infinity of sameness in



As seen by the viewer: David Kossoff as Samuel Samuels and (right) James MacTaggart as George Windlestraw in 'The Black Eye' on December 4

John Cura

respect of these artists—the lady may, if she will, accept the rest of Enobarbus' compliment to Cleopatra.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Days and Years

IT RAINS 'BLACK RAIN' in Burmanley, as it has a habit of doing when J. B. Priestley looks in. One of these days he should let us have a map of what has become the Priestley country, a region where Burmanley is neighboured by Brickley and Brickmill and Manningpool, and where idealism does its best to flower in the direst conditions. People are either hanging on grimly or escaping. Thus Professor Linden, in the Burmanley of 1947, was set upon staying, but Harkfast, the art dealer of 'The Golden Entry' (1952, we gather) is leaving for London. Not, to do him justice, that he wants to leave; he goes because his gallery in Burmanley (where not many folk have time for anything so fancy as art) has failed, and also because he has found a new prodigy, and his task, as he sees it, is to 'serve talent'. This Harold Chipster, a clerk, has done some drawings that we must take upon trust as astonishing: anyway, if Harkfast is right—and we feel in our bones that he must be—collectors years ahead will be bidding for their Chipsters with an informed frenzy.

The play, 'The Golden Entry' (Light), adapted by Cynthia Pughe, ended the Priestley Festival. It was also something for collectors, though not maybe in the Chipster class. In the theatre its fortunes would depend very much on the personality of the man Harkfast (safe on the air with Paul



Scene from 'A. V. Laider' on December 3, with (left to right) Keith Pyott as A. V. Laider, Richard Hurndall as Max Beerbohm, and Frank Atkinson as the waiter

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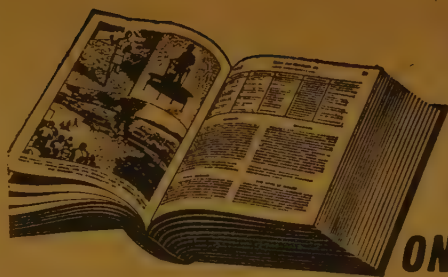
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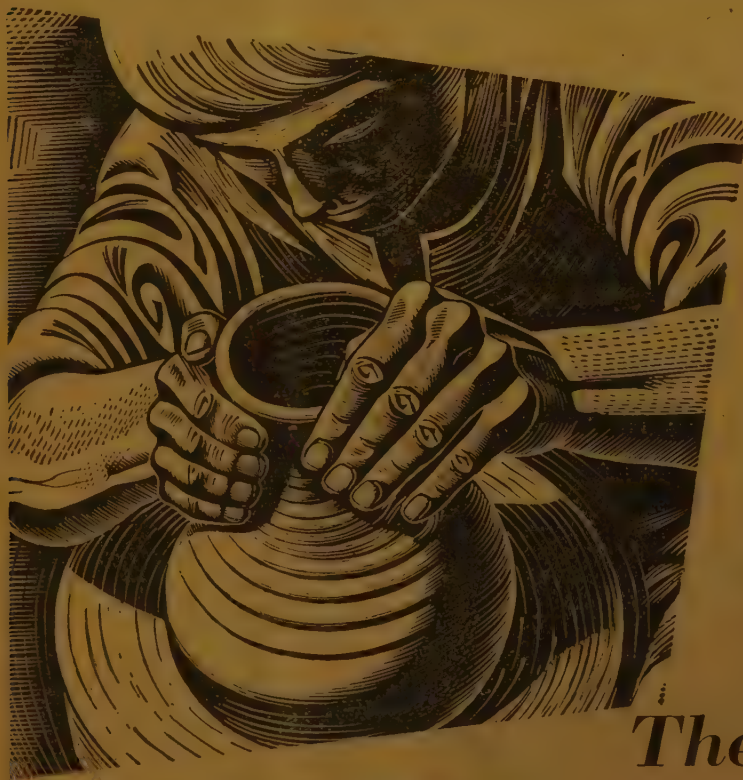
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logers), the dealer who has some of the dramatist's own qualities. Mr. Priestley, in his plain-man fashion, might call himself a 'rough and enthusiastic type'. Certainly he is speaking, and not Harkfast, in the passage. 'That's probably half the secret of great painting—something seen out of time with the clock topped. You're looking along another dimension from Eternity'. It is Mr. Priestley's voice that condemns committees, and calls (in the world of art) for happy madmen who don't care a damn. And it is Mr. Priestley we hear remembering wistfully, though only for a moment, 'those long summer mornings that you only know when you're young'. This is familiar. There is a touch of Robert Johnson's 'smoking hot morning in July', of Lindens' Elgar concerto speech, of the 111th essay in *Delight*. But Harkfast is not too yearning: he has a job to do, and we are glad when at the end of a day of fantastic disappointment he is able to get on with the job—though not in Burmanley. Mr. Priestley will not have Burmanley at any price.

The odd thing about 'The Golden Entry' is that, for all its common sense, the strength of its theme, its typically urgent dialogue, and its wealth of contrasting character and opinion, it does not move as a play. While listening to it I had no feeling that it progressed, that the characters grew in imagination. I was listening to Mr. Priestley arguing with himself about a subject that absorbed him; even so, it was hard to believe in the elaborate framework for his views, or in the symbolism of the 'golden entry'. And Burmanley has become so drearily hopeless. Are there no Lindens left in it? I wished that the Professor could have dropped in on Harkfast to talk the business over.

Still, there is a good deal to enjoy here. Wilfrid Grantham's production had a splendid Harkfast in Paul Rogers: he found the heart of the fanatic. We trembled for the disappointment we knew must follow his cry—an echo surely?—'All the wonderful time in the world'. This part of the play is 'made to be told', as someone used to say to me scornfully about fairy-tales; but Frank Pettingell understood the crazy enthusiasm of that broken reed—a golden reed—Sir Jonas. ('Some daft beggars in Burmanley these days'). Megs Jenkins as the 'natural' art-lover, and Jill Balcon as the modern girl in a muddle, helped along an evening for Priestleyans if not for the calm, suave types—the author speaking—who do all the work on committees.

Mr. Priestley confines himself to a day. In Bertholt Brecht's 'Mother Courage' (Third) we are spanning the years. I would rather serve in the Thirty Years' War with Schiller than with Brecht. This sardonic chronicle, in spite of R. D. Smith's production—as gallant as it was detailed—seemed to be raucously repetitive. The camp-follower's cart rolls on; the play moves with it through the mud. I waited hopefully on Sunday to salute what Mr. Smith (always a producer for respect) puts among the 'original great works of art'. No light shone; I was clearly among the damned. The acting of Leo McKern and Marjorie Westbury stays in mind, with Paul Dessau's music; the actress of Mother Courage lapsed into the play's monotony.

There is little room here to speak of Val Gielgud's sensitive production of 'A Day by the Sea' (Home), a summoning of place and mood that had Robert Eddison's voice to hold us, especially in the last hopeful-hopeless 'There's really no end to what one can do'. The amiable 'Lucky Jim' (Home) and a first instalment (also Home) of Leslie Baily's 'Gilbert and Sullivan'—in which Clive Morton shows that he will be gruffly Gilbert—added to the hither-and-thither of an unusually complicated week.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Critical Situations

MANY READERS of these weekly reflections doubtless picture the critic of the Spoken Word seated before a crackling fire and listening to the wireless with a cup of tea in one hand and a crumpet in the other; but his state is seldom so cosy. Last week, for example, I had to lend a critical ear to W. W. Robson while he criticised two recent books—*D. H. Lawrence, Novelist*, by F. R. Leavis, and *The Intelligent Heart*, by Harry T. Moore—in which these writers criticise the writings and character of Lawrence as others have done before them. To do my job adequately I ought of course not only to have some acquaintance with Lawrence's work, which I had, but to have read the two books, which I hadn't. And so the best I can do is to say that Mr. Robson's talk was very interesting, as his talks always are, and that it gave me some new lights on Lawrence. These Third Programme critical book-reviewers have already become an institution. They maintain a high standard and not seldom deal with works which are themselves critical; and, as if all this criticism were not already enough, I may, if I can, criticise the reviewer and, if I ventured to become controversial, I would probably receive letters criticising my criticism. In short it would appear that literary criticism nowadays is becoming pretty stereoscopic, and one begins to ask oneself if it is any longer necessary for a student who wishes to pass an examination on Lawrence and the rest of our famous novelists to read any of their works.

The same sort of development has occurred in the writing of history. We have not only our historians but our historiographers, namely, our historians of historians. Something of the same trend appeared in the first of three talks by W. G. Hoskins on 'The Rediscovery of England'. Recently—was it more or less than a year ago?—he broadcast a delightful series on 'The Anatomy of The English Countryside'. In 'The Impulse to Explore', the first talk in this new series, Dr. Hoskins described not the countryside itself but the beginnings of topographical writing in England in the sixteenth century by Leland, Harrison, Camden, and others, followed later by histories of individual counties and towns which continued to appear until the second half of the nineteenth century.

I had looked forward to hearing 'Poems by Dorothy Wellesley' read by the author, although the announcement that they would be spoken with the clavichord roused some doubts in my mind. And, as it turned out, I found it a tantalising and distracting experience. The clavichord is a gentle and discreet instrument and I don't think in the course of the programme it ever drowned the reader's voice, but unfortunately I can't, however hard I try, hear music as a hardly noticeable background: willy-nilly it gets at me, and this time it was the more important because Raymond Barnett played pieces with which I am, as it happens, very familiar; in fact it kept setting up a series of *Barricades Mystérieuses* between me and the reader so that I frequently lost words and phrases, although I heard enough to enjoy, if only in fragments, the sharply evocative quality of the four poems, and in the intervals between the poems I was free to enjoy the music.

D. H. Lawrence, as Mr. Robson reminded us in the talk I have already mentioned, insisted that the work of art is independent of the artist who made it. If this is so, and I am sure it is, what good was it for Stephen Black to beard Henry Moore in his Hertfordshire village and question him on the artistic significance of those holes and hollows in the sculpture which we regard as more especially his own? Mr. Moore did his best to explain, but what he said told us

no more than what the sculpture itself had told us already. Fortunately this was not the only object of Mr. Black's journey. He was out, I imagine, to give us an impression of the man himself by egging him on to talk and then bottling his voice for our benefit. The recording was remarkably successful in presenting a very real and likable personality. This is by no means always the result of an 'interview' which, whatever it may appear to be, is actually a highly abnormal occasion.

Persons with queasy stomachs must have been sorry that they turned on Shamus Frazer's report on 'Eating in Singapore', more especially that it fell during tea-time, but there is no denying that he was frightfully informative and dreadfully amusing in his accounts of the all-inclusive feats of Chinese cookery which, it seems, is invariably delicious as long as you don't recognise what is being dished up for you. The fact that Mr. Frazer is a very good broadcaster only made matters worse.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Bayreuth 'Ring'

THE CUSTOM, now well established, of filling Sunday evenings in the late autumn with recordings of Wagner's 'Ring' from the previous summer's Bayreuth Festival is, in principle, an admirable one. The time chosen is one of leisure for most people, and there are substantial intervals, so that one gets a break and an evening meal as at Bayreuth itself. 'The Ring' is a great and spacious work and was intended to be spaciouly performed.

This year's performance at Bayreuth left so much to be desired, however, that it gave little pleasure to this listener who could only wonder at the unwisdom of the Festival authorities in putting out so poor an advertisement for their wares. It is in no mood of chauvinism that I assert the superiority of last season's performances at Covent Garden. Two of the best individual performances at Bayreuth were, indeed, given by singers who were also heard at Covent Garden. Hans Hotter's Wotan is cast in a noble mould, a performance of great stature and deeply moving in its moments of disillusionment and despair. That he tired before the end of 'Die Walküre' was not surprising, for the whole performance sounded tired. Hotter seemed to me miscast as Gunther; his voice is too dark, too much of a bass. Besides it was recognisably the voice we had come to associate with Wotan. Vinay's Siegmund was good as usual, probably the best interpretation of the role to be heard today. And the two Nibelungs were excellent; Gustav Neidlinger and Paul Kuen really sang their music, yet managed to express the menace and the meanness of Alberich and Mime.

Apart from some minor roles well done, that is as far as praise can go. Among the ladies, Martha Mödl sounded less than ever like making an adequate Brünnhilde. Unsteadiness of tone marred the vocal line of both the Sieglinde and the Gutrune. Wolfgang Windgassen's Siegfried, which once promised well, has settled down into a piece of competent routine.

Possibly with a more imaginative conductor, a better result might have been produced with the available material. Josef Keilberth is obviously a careful conductor; no one could accuse him of reckless driving. The result was singularly dull. Nor was the recording as good as last year's, the balance between voices and orchestra being often badly adjusted. And there were some patches of fading, during one of which in 'Götterdämmerung' the music disappeared altogether. For this did not seem to be a technical fault at the transmitter, such as deprived us of a great part of the orchestral introduction to Mozart's Concerto in A major, in which



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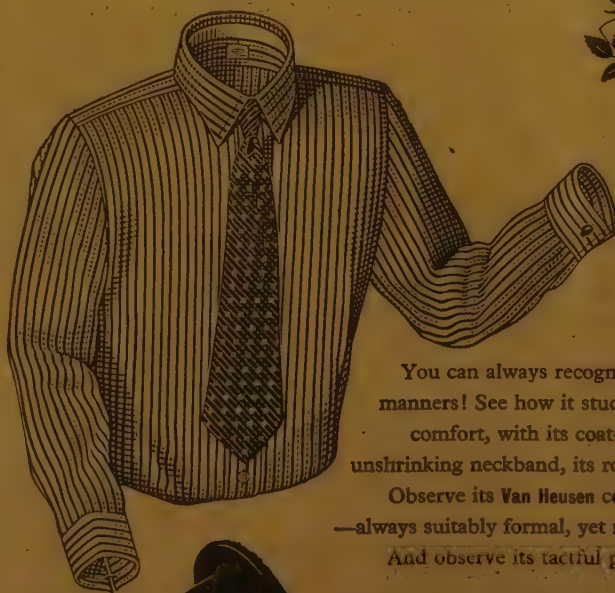
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me Myra Hess played the solo at Birmingham last Thursday. This concert, broadcast in the Midland Home Service, began with a performance of Rubbra's 5th Symphony. The Birmingham Orchestra, directed by Rudolf Schwarz, gave a good performance of it, though the articulation of the minuet figures for wood-wind in the first movement was not as clear as could be desired. Coming back to this symphony after hearing the earlier ones in the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra's series in the Third Programme, one is struck by the greater limpidity of the scoring, a reflection of the composer's greater mastery of symphonic style, as well as by the great beauty of the slow movement—a profound meditation evoked by the serene landscape it seems to describe. Mozart's concerto (K.414), the earlier and lesser one of the two in A major,

was given a gracious and poetic performance by the distinguished pianist, despite an occasional unevenness in the articulation of the runs and other passage-work in the first movement.

The Home Service also afforded us the rare opportunity and pleasure of hearing Pablo Casals once more as an interpreter of Bach's unaccompanied music for the violoncello. The Suite in C major, of which a recording made at the Prades Festival in August was broadcast last Friday, sounded as noble as ever under the stroke of the veteran master's bow. No other player in my experience can make this music so enjoyable—often it is the reverse!—not merely because he makes light of the technical difficulties and fills it with pure and resonant tone, but because he is able to match, with his own, Bach's greatness both of intellect and humanity. The only fault in this vivid recording

was that the microphone seemed to have been placed rather near the instrument, thus producing an unpleasant buzz on some low notes.

On Sunday afternoon the Home Service concert given by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, under Ian Whyte, was devoted to the celebration of Sibelius' ninetieth birthday, which falls today: Sunday's programme was nicely balanced between the less familiar things, 'Night Ride and Sunrise' and 'Luonnotar' (with Emilie Hooke as singer), and the popular Second Symphony, which completed the series given during the past weeks. After the concert, in 'Music Magazine', a characteristic tribute to the composer was paid by his greatest interpreter in Britain, Sir Thomas Beecham, who this evening conducts a programme containing the Fourth Symphony.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Wolf-Ferrari's 'Sly'

By SCOTT GODDARD

'Sly' will be broadcast in the Third programme at 5.15 p.m. on Sunday, December 11, and 8.0 p.m. next day

WHEN Wolf-Ferrari's comic opera 'I Quattro Rusteghi' was produced at Sadler's Wells in June 1946, in Professor Edward Dent's English version as 'School for Fathers', the majority of the audience must have felt that they were being introduced not only to a new opera (actually it was then forty years old) but to a composer practically unknown except by name. A few of them might have heard 'Susanna's Secret', a still smaller minority might have recalled 'The Jewels of the Madonna' from a performance far beyond the confines of our country or the depth of our pocket. And there were the more pertinacious collectors of gramophone records who may have possessed an excerpt here and there. Even for such experts and connoisseurs 'Sly' has probably remained an unknown quantity.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari was born near the end of the last century of a German father, August Wolf, who was a painter, and an Italian mother, Emilia Ferrari, a Venetian whose name he kept. At his youth Ermanno showed considerable gifts as a painter as well as a musician. His father had little faith in music as a career and wished the boy to follow his own profession. He evidently had his reasons for this. It appears, if rumour be for once not lying, that the young Wolf-Ferrari was precocious not only in music and the fine arts, and soon showed signs of following the example of Mozart's Cherubino and Octavian in the 'Rosenkavalier'; there was some slight scandal at Rome, and he was packed off to Germany to pursue his studies under stricter authority (Dent). At sixteen he became a pupil of Rheinberger in Munich, having by then overcome paternal scruples and set himself to become a musician, leaving his other precocious talents to take care of themselves.

His first important work was not an opera but a sacred cantata called 'La Sulamita' which the Italians found too strongly tinged with Bach. He was then twenty-two. Two years later, in 1900, his first opera 'Cenerentola' was produced in Venice where it found little favour; though a couple of years later it appeared in Germany and was well received. It was 'The Jewels of the Madonna' (1911) that brought Wolf-Ferrari fame beyond the confines of his two native countries. With that opera he became world famous. Already 'Susanna's Secret' had appeared (1909) and before that 'I Quattro Rusteghi' (1906). 'Sly' was first produced in 1927 in Milan.

Pondering over the case of Wolf-Ferrari, the musician of two cultures, the Teutonic which

came to him through his father, whose ancestors were mainly Lutheran pastors, and the Latin that came from his mother, there comes to mind the apparently similar case of Ferruccio Busoni. He also straddled the two countries and was an inheritor of two cultures. There, however, the similarity between the position of the two creative musicians ends. They were men of very different mental fibre and the pull between the Teuton and the Latin in each affected each differently. With Busoni one has the feeling that this tension was at one and the same time a cause of tempestuous spiritual upheavals and also a deeply enriching force. It finally gave his music its extraordinary quality of exploring creativeness, produced a miraculous fusion of the two cultures in such a work as the Violin Concerto and that profound interpretation of human endeavour 'Doktor Faustus'. By contrast there is Wolf-Ferrari, who appears hardly to have been aware of any tension or troubled by any aesthetic complexities. His attitude towards music was simpler. 'When I see how many people lose the possibility of happiness through the hardships of life I feel bound to regard my art definitely as a healing balm for this evil, a cure of rejuvenation for those who grow old prematurely, a means to cheer the unhappy and all those who cannot create enjoyment for themselves'. He did not always bear that in mind. 'The Jewels of the Madonna' is a horrific tale with a tragic ending and 'Sly' or 'The Story of the Sleeper Awakened' has a bitter tang and ends in tragic sorrow.

'Sly' takes off from the prologue (Induction) to Shakespeare's 'The Taming of the Shrew' which opens with the scene 'Before an Alehouse' in, perhaps, Warwickshire. Christopher Sly, harried by the hostess of the inn for what he owes her, will have none of it. A tired and bibulous tinker, he lays himself down and falls asleep. A local lord, out hunting, finds him and takes him, still asleep, to his mansion for the entertainment of his guests. When Sly awakens it is to discover himself richly clad, fabulously attended, and chief among the audience of a play. It all ends in laughter.

In the libretto of 'Sly' by Giovacchino Forzano there is laughter in plenty, amused, sometimes bibulous laughter in the first act, sarcastic, teasing hilarity in the second act. But in the third there is no laughter at all. Forzano, taking his cue from Alexander Pope, makes Christopher Sly the central figure in the action. Pope felt that he was too worthy a character to be dismissed from the play as summarily as

Shakespeare had done and so continued his history to form a neat ending to the episode. Sly having watched the play goes home to his wife, secure in the knowledge it has given him of how to tame a shrew. Forzano turns Sly the tinker into a singer of tavern ditties, companion of anyone who will stand him a stoup of wine, no mere tinker but a poet. It is his poet's instinct that proves his undoing.

He comes late on the scene. The first act begins with a crowd of students, soldiers and anyhow drinkers in the Falcon Inn, 'in the London of Shakespeare's day on a damp and misty autumn evening'. (The phrase is to be found in the English version prepared for this radio performance by Dennis Arundell.) Among them is John Blake, an actor from the Blackfriars Theatre and Sly's friend. A company of notables enters with Lord Westmoreland and his mistress Dolly. Soon after, Sly appears and the real tale begins. Wolf-Ferrari sets this opening scene with the skill of a craftsman well versed in operatic technique. His music throughout the whole opera is never imposing in the Wagnerian sense; he remains the Italian who has studied Mozart. And one has the sensation of listening to music by a composer who has penetrated farther than most into Verdi's 'Falstaff'.

The second act shows Sly after his first reawakening, installed in Westmoreland's castle and surrounded by a grinning crew of attendants who are in fact the Earl and his friends 'disguised as characters from the world Sly may be dreaming of' before he wakes. To Sly it is still a dream. But when Dolly makes love to him it becomes a blinding reality. Heedlessly he reaches out towards that vision, only to be swept away to the noise of the jeering nobles. They strip him of his finery, throw him into the cellar and, their fun finished, leave him. In the third act he tries to pierce the darkness of his misery. It is a long soliloquy and the outcome is despair. Sly opens the veins in his wrists with a broken bottle and as he lies dying Dolly, who is now contrite and longs to make amends, comes to him, too late to do more than weep over his dead body.

It will be seen that Forzano has taken the original story into realms of tragedy far removed from the Warwickshire alehouse. This is a remarkably fine libretto, fit material to be worked on by a craftsman of Wolf-Ferrari's stature. Forzano had first offered the libretto to Puccini. But 'Turandot' intervened and Puccini's 'Sly is no good' ended the matter. It remained for Wolf-Ferrari to discover how good the story was.

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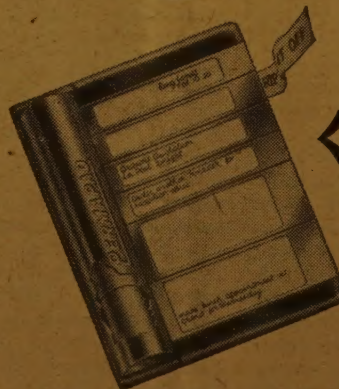
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

OVEN-FRIED POTATOES

OVEN-FRIED POTATOES are a blessing for the sedentary or flat-dweller, for there is no need of frying. To prepare them, peel and cut the potatoes either in eighths or into the large, long, thick chips the French call *Pont Neuf*. Put them into cold water, and then leave them in for an hour. When you are ready to cook them, dry them well in a towel. Dip each piece in melted fat or oil and lay them side by side in a greased or oiled baking-tin. They must be in one layer, not touching each other and, of course, not piled up at all. Bake them, for twenty minutes to half an hour in a hot oven until they are golden, turning them over so that all sides brown evenly. Drain them on paper, and serve them sprinkled with salt.

A good dish to eat these with would be breast of lamb or mutton. In this case, the piece of meat is boiled with the usual vegetables, onions, carrot, turnip, celery, a very small bit of parsnip, if you like, and a bay leaf. When it is cooked enough for the bones to slip out easily, you must take it out and let it get cold between two dishes, with a weight on the top one. Then all you have to do is to cut the meat into pieces, brush these over with melted butter or margarine, roll them in breadcrumbs, and grill them very gently for twenty minutes or so, turning them once. The French eat them with mustard—rather unorthodox to us.

Here is a suggestion for cooking chestnuts. Split the chestnuts on the rounded side and put them into the oven for about a quarter of an hour, until you can get the shells and the skins off. Boil them in enough milk and water to cover them until they are quite tender, and drain them and rub them through a sieve. Dry this *purée* over the heat, add a small piece of butter or margarine, and beat it smooth. It will make an admirable vegetable with the mut-

ton if you season it with celery-salt and pepper; but if you would rather eat it as a sweet, add sugar to taste and mix it with custard or whipped cream to make a fool, and, if you like, flavour this with chocolate.

AMBROSE HEATH

APPLE AND CINNAMON

A simple, quick sweet can be made with some of the excellent apples to be found just now. Choose even-sized eating-apples—one or two for each person. Peel, cut in quarters, and core. Have ready—rubbed with butter or margarine—an oven-proof serving dish. Dust with soft sugar and powdered cinnamon, then place the quarters neatly in the dish, slightly over-lapping, but not piled up in layers. Add sufficient orange (fresh or bottled) to cover the bottom of the dish, more sugar and cinnamon, then cover with a buttered paper. Cook in a moderate oven until soft, but not squashy, as the apples should retain their shape. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

ROBIN ADAIR

SPARKLING BRANCHES

A simple and effective way to give branches a Christmassy sparkle is with a bottle of ordinary gum and a packet of 'glitter' made for this kind of decoration. I think it helps to spread out, separately, two large sheets of paper—news-paper, brown paper, or drawer paper. Working over the first sheet of paper, paint your branch or twig lightly with gum. There will probably be a few dribbles of gum on the paper. Then hold the gummy branch over the second sheet of paper—which will be clean and gumless—and sprinkle on the glitter. A certain amount will fall on to the clean paper, but you can scoop it up and use it for the next gummy

branch. You will find the branches dry quickly—in about ten minutes or so.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

ANTHONY CROSLAND (page 975): M.P. (Labour) for Gloucestershire South, 1950-55; Fellow and Lecturer in Economics, Trinity College, Oxford, 1947-50; author of *Britain's Economic Problem*, etc.

R. T. MCKENZIE (page 978): Lecturer in Sociology, London School of Economics; author of *British Political Parties*

BRIAN ABEL-SMITH (page 981): Assistant Lecturer in Social Science, London School of Economics

C. H. PHILIPS (page 985): Professor of Oriental History, School of Oriental and African Studies, London University, since 1946

SIR GAVIN de BEER, F.R.S. (page 989): Director, British Museum (Natural History) since 1950; author of *Alps and Elephants*, etc.

ROBERT BALDICK (page 992): Lecturer in Modern Languages, University and Pembroke Colleges, Oxford; author of *The Life of J.-K. Huysmans*

REV. CANON C. E. RAVEN, D.D. (page 994): Chaplain to H.M. The Queen; author of *Science and Religion, Experience and Interpretation*, etc.

J. N. MORRIS (page 995): Director, Social Medicine Research Unit, Medical Research Council

PIERRE SCHNEIDER (page 1001): French literary and theatre critic

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY (page 1008): Assistant Director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts; author of *Nine Abstract Artists*

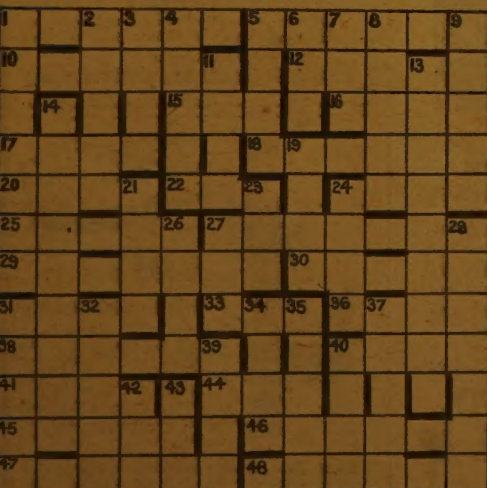
Crossword No. 1,336.

Missing Links—IV.

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 15. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The chain: 5D—4—5A—37—48—1D—40A—6—27D—2—32—16—23—38—41—5D

The above word-chain begins with a noun suggesting a beginning, and continues by alternate nouns and verbs to the beginning again. Each 'link' is a synonymous clue to its successor (e.g., LID—COVER—HIDE—PELT—STRIKE, etc.). These links are to be deduced, with the help of intersecting words. The thirty-two unchecked letters of the diagram are the letters of the following optimistic challenge: PREPARE! DEEP HUMAN GUILE MAY BEAT A DON!

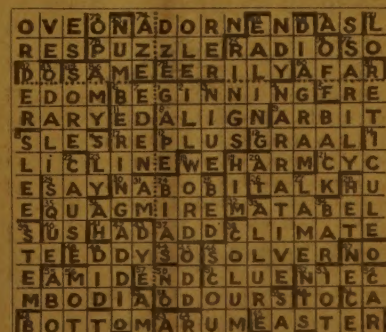
CLUES—ACROSS

1. Calcium drink brought back, with mint flavour (6)
10. She certainly removes the van from man's advance! (6)
12. Coastal plain in S.W. France and in Eastern parts of Abbeville (5)
15. A milk-strainer, I agree, but slightly battered (3)
17. What is brought in by beatific orisons (4)
18. Portuguese noble in love; appears blank sometimes (6)
20. Stains for tanned hide (4)
22. Close the cottage room with waxed thread (3)
24. The bar's hardly long enough for inertia (4)
25. One can't really be friendly with this cactus! (5)
27. Urgent calls, perhaps, and the miserable creature just knits (7, hyphen)
29. Our dime will produce a flower with beaked fruit (7)
30. A couple of notes useful for making topos (5)
31. Praetor's chair stood here, among the cheap seats (4)
33. Husband returns with antiquated stole (3)
36. It's camel-hair cloth for the bishop, either way (4)
44. Pipe a pastoral song (3)
45. Column devoted to world sustenance (5)
46. Mineral once used to dazzle the East (6)
47. Life in the sea sounds like continued cuddling! (6)

DOWN

3. Tyrant makes a barometer unaided (4)
7. Dark prince's tape (3)
8. In Scottish, alight's lit up (5)
9. The meeting got me irritated (5)
11. A piece of silver and a silver piece for Will's descendant (4)
13. Study *mensal*! It may be marked (9)
14. He's imaginative—quite good at handling numbers up to 21? (9, two words)
19. Prefers sorting the post (4)
21. Perverted author completes *Daring Endeavour* (4)
24. A tippler staggering where Zeno taught (4)
26. To dismount, as of old, is learned without speed (4)
28. Compared with the poplar, is the oak less respectable? (7)
31. Chinese official's claim to be taboo (5)
34. See a fine horse prevent a rising (4)
35. Jack's dull, look you! (5)
39. Dark sheepskin leather in the gutter (4)
40. Sound the alarm, mate, and draw the first furrow (4)
42. A large sum returned (3)
43. Domestic animal chewing a bit of turf (3)

Solution of No. 1,334



Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. Robinson (Birmingham, 24); 2nd prize: E. J. Brady (Whitley Bay); 3rd prize: Miss D. Butterworth (London, W.4)

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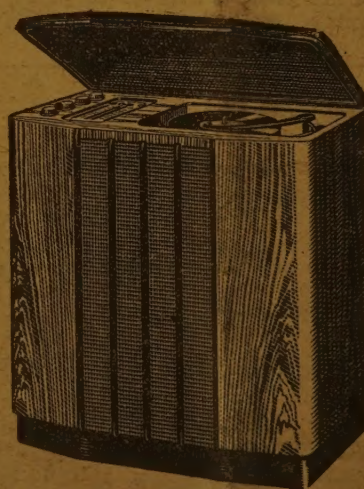
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